NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1877. | VOLUME XXV.—No. 30. Price Ten Cents.

A NORTHERN OCTOBER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY H. B. H.

The morn is clear—
From far and near
The fainting stars now disappear;
From Eastern skies
Auroral dyes
In deepening colors flush and rise.
In valleys deep,
Where shadows sleep,
The gathered mists now rise and creep
Up mountains' side,
Whose tops divide
This earth from heaven, whose doors they hide.
Dark clusters shine
Amid the vine,
For Bacchus' feast a tempting sign;
The creaking wain,
With golden grain,
Comes slowly winding through the lane.
The apple fair,
The peach and pear,
Pomona's gifts, are everywhere;
All through the vale
The squashes trail,
And pumpkins in their yellow mail.
The fields once green,
The hills between
Now sparkle in their frosty sheen;
But brown and sere,
The woods appear
In mourning-garments for the year.
The sun's mild rays,
Through smoky haze,
Betoken Indian-Summer days;
While soft and bright,
With golden light,
The harvest-moon illumes the night.
The Autumn breeze,
With riven leaves,
Brings pattering nuts from chestnut trees;
From beeches bare,
Now here, now there,
The squirrels Winter food prepare.
As wanes the year,
So disappear
The ties of earth that bind us here;
Till, one by one,
Our duties done,
We rest with life's last, setting sun.

The Larches, Oct., 1877.

GERONIMO,
OR THE FETTERS OF FATE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF HENRI CONSCIENCE FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY DUDLEY WINTHROP MOORE.

CHAPTER V.

It was Van den Werve's custom to entertain the principal gentlemen of Antwerp at his house one evening of each month.

Three days after the attempted assassination of Geronimo, the usual evening reunion took place. The accident had affected Lord Van den Werve painfully, and his daughter Maria had not fully recovered yet from the shock she had received; but her father had not postponed the evening for the gathering, hoping it might conduce to make all forget the terrible affair. At the hour set down the grand old hall in the lordly mansion was filled with guests of different positions and ages. Not a woman was present, for this soiree had been announced as a reunion of gentlemen, artists, sages, and distinguished merchants. Some of the guests were grouped together here and there, engaged in friendly and cordial conversations. A few of the more elderly ones were seated about a table, contemplating five or six new books which seemed to excite their admiration; others, more plainly dressed, and evidently artists, were showing one another various designs; while another group, of younger men, surrounded Geronimo, eager to learn from his own lips all the particulars of the adventure that had almost made him its victim.

Lord Van den Werve had stood most of the time near the entrance to welcome the newcomers; but at that moment he left his post, as if he supposed the majority of his guests had arrived, and began to pass from group to group, joining here and there in the conversations, and addressing a few agreeable words to everybody. The venerable Deodati occupied an arm-chair near the wall; beside him sat Simone Turchi, conversing with him in a familiar tone. The traitor feigned extraordinary affection for the old nobleman, and flattered him, as far as it lay in his power, with a profusion of respect and complacency. They had already spoken of the murderous assault on Geromino, and Simone Turchi had expressed his astonishment caused by the affair, especially as he pretended he was not aware that Geronimo could count one enemy in the world. Bruflerio must have made a mistake—a thing that could happen easily in the profound obscurity which reigned on the night of the attack.

While Simone conversed thus with the old gentleman, though calm in appearance, he must have concealed some guilty project in the bottom of his heart; for, almost with every word, he glanced at Geronimo, who stood farther down the hall, and endeavored to read in his features or gestures what he was saying. He did not lose sight of Maria's affianced husband a single instant. Two or three times already Geronimo had approached his uncle; but each time the latter had motioned him away with a jocund remark, telling him that the agreeable society of Signor Turchi was sufficient for him, and that he preferred to have a quiet talk with him.

Meanwhile the conversation among the guests had become more general. Noblemen and bankers, merchants and savants, factors and artists, had mingled together in different places. Rank and position seemed to have been forgotten, and the sounds of animated voices echoed through the hall like the buzzing of a swarm of bees. Ten or twelve servants made their appearance at that moment, each bearing a silver tray loaded with glasses filled with wines of every color, and a variety of dainty cakes or delicate fruit, which they offered in turn to the brilliant assemblage. While the drinks and thousand dainties were distributed thus, Geronimo kept his eyes on Van den Werve, following all his movements with a look full of hope and expectation. When he finally saw Van den Werve leave the hall, a joyful smile lit up his face. Geronimo knew that Van den Werve at times gave his friends and acquaintances the pleasure of enjoying Maria's presence for an hour or so; and since the commencement of the soiree he had been waiting for the happy moment when the young girl would make her appearance in the hall.

Simone Turchi, who had continued to watch Geronimo, beheld the radiant expression of his face, and conjectured its cause. Maria was about to appear. Perhaps all present would know his homage was rejected, and that Geronimo had triumphed over the powerful director of the house of the Buonvisi. This thought was a painful blow to his pride. He shot a withering glance at Geronimo, whose face was turned in another direction. Under the irresistible tempest of rage and jealousy, the cicatrix in Simone's face began to flame; and, feeling this, he raised his hand to his eyes to conceal his emotion.

"What ails you, Signor Turchi?" asked Deodati earnestly. "Do you feel indisposed?"

"The heat here is intolerable," replied Simone, striving to master himself.

"The heat?" murmured Deodati. "I don't find it too warm. Would you like to have me accompany you to the garden a moment, signor?"

"I thank you a thousand times for the interest you show me, signor," said Simone, raising his head and smiling carelessly. "It's over now. I had been looking at that lustre too fixedly and long; its radiancy turned my head. But we must rise, signor. Here is Maria, the *bionda maraviglia!*"

Van den Werve stood on the threshold, holding his much-beloved daughter by the hand. A murmur of admiration arose throughout the hall, and all stepped aside to make way for Lord W. and his child. Maria's beauty really surpassed all imagination. A long robe of white satin, without any ornament save a belt of gold threads interlaced, constituted her whole costume. Her golden hair was wound in the shape of a coronet on her head, its simplicity being relieved by a few brilliant pearls and white flowers. But what excited the admiration of the spectators the most were her large blue eyes, her marble brow, the noble softness of her features, and, above all, the sweet, naive and modest smile that illumined her face and shone in the eyes of all like a ray of life's joy and peace of soul.

Geronimo had never seen Van den Werve's daughter attired thus. She usually wore sombre colors—or, at least, colors far from gaudy. Dressed entirely in white, at that moment she looked like a bride. Without doubt she had chosen her dress in accordance with her father's wish; but what was his intention? Was it his desire that this should be a token of her betrothal and approaching marriage? These thoughts passed through the agitated mind of Geronimo, who, trembling, kept his eyes riveted on the beautiful girl.

The venerable Deodati had left his seat and stepped forward. Simone Turchi had taken advantage of this movement, and turned away from him. And he had done so in high time; for, when Simone, like the rest, had received the first impression caused by Maria's charming presence, his heart had tightened at the thought that this noble and pure young girl would have been his wife if Geronimo had not robbed him of his life's joy. The glance, full of hatred and envy, which he threw at Geronimo, short and quick as it was, was a sinister menace of death. It was fortunate that all eyes were fixed on the young girl, else someone night have read Simone's sombre soul, and surmised the horrible project hidden there.

Conducted by her father, the beautiful girl passed before all the guests, receiving their felicitations and flattery with charming modesty, until she stood before Deodati. Then, swayed by her affection for the old man, she seized his hands, and spoke to him so lovingly and sweetly that he was completely overcome and confused, and could only stammer a few words of gratitude. On passing before Simone Turchi she said to him with a merry smile:

"God be praised, Signor Turchi, for your speedy recovery! I am very glad to see you here this evening. I owe you the highest esteem, signor, and ought to be sincerely grateful to you for your noble sympathy for the nephew of Signor Deodati. You have a good and generous heart, and I thank the Almighty for giving my father and Geronimo such a devoted friend."

These words made Turchi's situation intolerable. His blood boiled in his veins; his tortured heart quivered in his bosom; and the cicatrix, never behindhand in betraying his emotion, changed rapidly from one hue to another. Yet circumstances forced him to appear calm; so, mastering his agitation with a superhuman effort, he replied to the young girl's compliments with much grace and ease, while every envious eye made him its cynosure.

The soiree was wearing away into the late hours of the night. Maria had deprived the company of her brilliant presence long since. Geronimo, with his heart overflowing with joy, had retired to one corner of the hall in blissful thought, while here and there could be seen several guests making their adieux to numerous acquaintances before a final leave-taking with Lord Van den Werve.

As for Simone Turchi, he was overwhelmed, crushed; all he had heard and seen caused him such martyrdom, jealousy gnawed at his heart so torturingly, that he sank deeper and deeper into the abyss of hatred and vengeance. None noticed, however, the state he was in; and, had it been noticed even, it would doubtless have been attributed to the influence of Maria's charms—for there was many a turned head that night.

Turchi had bowed his head an instant, though he still kept one eye fixed on Geronimo's corner. Then, like a man who has come to a determination, he walked straight up to Geronimo with laughing countenance, and threw both arms around his neck.

"Dear Geronimo," he whispered, "I am so delighted to see you so happy. But I must have a few words with you this very night. Meet me in the garden about ten minutes hence."

With this he left him as quickly as he had come, and the astonished nobleman saw him quit the hall. Watching for a favorable opportunity, Geronimo slipped away also.

The garden, situated behind Van den Werve's residence, though it was not large, was laid out in complicated winding paths and alleys. A high wall surrounded it, shaded by tall trees and dense clumps of shrubbery. When Geronimo reached the fresh air he found several persons already walking in the paths, in quest of the cool of the night. While trying to penetrate the obscurity with his eyes to discover Simone Turchi, the latter darted from behind a bush, took his arm, drew him noiselessly into the most secluded corner of the garden, where he threw himself upon a bench, and began in a constrained voice:

"Sit here beside me, Geronimo. I've good news."

"You have found the money?" asked the young man eagerly.

"Yes—but come nearer, and lend me your ear. Nobody must overhear us. A strange merchant, whom I saved from dishonor and ruin a couple of years ago, at a great loss to myself, wishes to give me the means of reimbursing the ten thousand crowns."

"God be praised!" exclaimed Geronimo with a sigh of relief. "But will he carry out his generous intention without delay?"

"To-morrow you shall have what I owe you."

"To-morrow? I scarcely hoped for such good fortune after what you told me some time ago."

"But I can't bring you the money, Geronimo; you must come for it yourself."

"There is no impediment to my doing that. Should I have to go to Cologne, I would go."

"You won't be obliged to go so far. You must come to my country-seat for the money. Hush! I think someone approaches."

After a moment's silence Turchi resumed:

"He has gone. You must know, Geronimo, that the strange merchant is so situated that he can't make himself known in Antwerp yet. He is concealed in my country residence. He wishes to come to my assistance, but he is a prudent and mistrustful man by nature. I will give him my signature for the loan, and hand it to you; but he wishes you to sign with me as a guaranty."

"What a mystery!" murmured the young man. "I am to sign with you as a guaranty? Who is this strange merchant? Is it an exile?"

"What has that to do with the matter? It's not my secret, Geronimo. I have promised to conceal his name. Provided you are saved from your perilous embarrassment, is not our aim attained? It's true you will remain my guaranty; but the ten thousand crowns will be in your drawer, and your uncle won't find a florin wanting. Thus all chance of any unpleasantness will be thrown to the winds. You have nothing to fear if you sign with me, for in a few months I shall have abundant resources. I am doing this merely to save you from a threatening situation. You can easily understand, Geronimo, that I would prefer to have you alone for a creditor."

"True, Simone; I am very grateful for your complacency. And will this strange merchant give me the sum in money?"

"No; but in bills on Milan, Florence and Lucca."

"Good bills, sure bills, Simone?"

"You will judge before accepting the affair. But fear nothing; your mind will be set at rest."

"Well, I will come—after Exchange hours—say between five and six. Is it convenient to you?"

"It's all the same to me, provided I know the hour beforehand."

"Expect me, then, to-morrow, between five and six. Let us go in now, for our absence will be noticed."

Simone Turchi rose, but, instead of accompanying Geronimo at once, he remained motionless, adding:

"Geronimo, I promised the merchant that no one but you should know of his presence in Antwerp. Consequently, don't breathe a word about the stranger to a soul. The least indiscretion might crush our hopes and place the merchant in peril. Come alone, without a servant."

"So be it!" returned Geronimo; "but I must inform you that I can't remain until nightfall, for my uncle threatened me with his disfavor if I go out again at night without a good guard."

"Only half an hour; you need stay no longer."

The two moved towards the house and reentered the brilliant hall without their absence having been remarked.

CHAPTER VI.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon. In one of the rooms of his master's Summer-residence stood Julio with folded arms, looking intently at the fatal arm-chair placed near the only window in the apartment. He was lost in profound reflections while he contemplated the sinister piece of furniture in front of him, and ever and anon tossed his head in an anxious manner. The footsteps of a man that ascended overhead drew him from his disagreeable thoughts, and an ironical smile showed itself in his face while he muttered:

"He calls me a coward, the poltroon that he is! For one whole hour he has been running from room to room, as if he was chased by invisible spectres. How comfortably he has arranged the affair for himself! Julio is to kill poor Geronimo, then bury him in the cellar. Julio is to do everything alone! When one has false people to deal with, then's the time to be on one's guard. His intention is quite evident to me; he wants me to do the whole thing, so that, in case of need, he will have ample proofs with which to accuse me of the murder. He may threaten and rave as much as he likes; he shall give the blow himself, or Signor Geronimo will leave here without molestation."

Julio paused an instant, passed his hand over his brow, and continued, with his eyes still resting on the arm-chair:

"To think that within an hour there will be a corpse in that infernal seat! The corpse of the most affable and kindest gentleman I ever knew! May his good angel prevent his fatal visit to this cut-throat nest! Signor Turchi shall kill him—not I, though I may help him afterwards. What will be the end of this bloody tragedy? The scaffold for the master, and the gibbet for the servant! That's the way my reckless life is going to wind up! If it hadn't been for my ill luck to be on the spot where Judge Voltai was murdered, I wouldn't have fled my country, and Signor Turchi wouldn't have had the power to make me his accomplice in a frightful crime. It's like what the old vicar of Porto Vino used to say: 'Evil is a labyrinth; when one puts his foot in it he loses the thread that might lead to the good.' Oh, if I was near my mother in Italy! Insane wish! It's too late; I'm banished, with a reward offered for my head!"

He became silent again, and set to thinking afresh; then he made an impatient gesture and went on:

"Come, come; what's the use of all these thoughts? I'm in his power, and must put up with necessity; but let the blow be struck; let him commit a crime whose material proofs can testify against him, and then I too will be master, and will have it in my power to cry: 'Simone Turchi, fear the bailiff and his varlet the executioner!' Now I'm still powerless against him; if I did anything to stop the attempt, he would be capable of making every trace of his criminal plan disappear, and hand me over to the Factor of Lucca. I would be taken to Italy and broken on the wheel under my poor mother's nose. I have never given her anything but grief; but I'll try to spare her this last infamy. There's signor coming down. He will insist once more on my giving the blow; but I don't want any of this innocent blood on me."

Simone Turchi was approaching in the vestibule. His face was very pale, but the cicatrix that disfigured it was still paler. He did not tremble, but his step seemed unsteady and hasty, and he was running his fingers through his hair like one under the sway of great impatience and anxiety.

"Julio, the hour approaches," he said in a husky voice, resting a nervous hand on the shoulder of his dreaming servant. "What are you thinking about still? Are you afraid?"

"Afraid?" replied Julio, with a bound. "What should make me afraid?"

"True! true!" mumbled Simone, "for I am to shed his blood."

"But I fear for you, my master," continued Julio. "The love I bear you gives me good cause to, and makes my reflections dark. Your game is a dangerous one, signor."

"Who will know what occurs here?"

"Who? Isn't there an Eye above that sees everything? And, while you are sacrificing a man's life here for your thirst after vengeance, won't God hear at least the cry of agony springing from Signor Geronimo's throat?"

Julio perceived with secret joy that his words made his master tremble, though the latter endeavored to feign the greatest indifference.

"What nonsense!" muttered Simone; "to think of Pietro Mostajo presuming to speak of a God! I have taken my precautions with eyes wide open; when the subterranean vault received the secret, not a breath will noise it about."

"You think so, signor? When have such murders ever remained concealed? It's not astonishing that I should bow my head and set to thinking. I dreamed, and saw such terrible things before my eyes—oh! I wouldn't dare to tell you what they were!"

"Well, what did you see?" queried Turchi with growing anxiety.

"What I saw? The bailiff and his servants binding a man's arms behind his back, then dragging him through the streets like an odious malefactor. The people throwing stones and mud at the prisoner, crying 'Murderer!' A scaffold, and on it an executioner and a condemned man; then a blade glittering in the sun, a stream of blood and a fallen head ——"

The servant interrupted himself intentionally; but his master clutched at his arm, crying in a whizzing voice:

"And then? and then?"

"And then the crowd applauding and showering curses on the name ——"

"Whose name?"

"Yours, signor."

Simone Turchi was so impressed by this spectacle of his possible end that he gave vent to a cry and recoiled all of a tremble.

Julio contemplated his dumbfounded master with a sort of restrained smile. He had not invented the inauspicious dream solely to try if there were yet time to induce his master to relinquish his perilous enterprise; it was also his intention to frighten him and avenge himself thus for the violence he had been subjected to through him.

But Simone Turchi was not a man to remain long under the impression of such an ill-omened prediction. So he quickly recovered himself, and said in a scornful tone:

"Miserable hypocrite, it's fear and uneasiness that makes you dream such things. The most courageous man would be cowardly with dastardly fear if he listened to such stuff. It's unfortunate that I should need you in this affair; but for that I would soon rid myself of your presence. But I at least shall not shrink before the accomplishment of what I have undertaken. Speak, tell me what I may expect of you! The hour is about to strike—we no longer have time to hesitate."

"We will see who does what he has promised with the greatest composure," replied Julio. "You are mistaken about me, signor; fear doesn't trouble me; it's out of sympathy for you that I fall into these dark and sad reflections. I thought I was doing my duty in showing you the chasm once more."

"Hold your tongue!" screamed Turchi, beside himself. "Fool, do you want my ruin, my everlasting dishonor Do you think I will let my enemy live, let him look down upon me from the height of his grandeur? Do you think I will allow him to marry Maria Van den Werve while I live? No! no! I shall be the fortunate one, should the scaffold be the penalty. I must allay the rage for vengeance that is lacerating my heart. Nothing—no, nothing—can hold me back; and if you stand in my way, Julio, I will walk over your corpse to strike the one who has poisoned my life. Oh! do not brave me; I am capable of anything!"

With these words Simone Turchi grasped the dagger stuck in his belt; his face was purple, his lips trembled. He fixed a withering look on his servant, and took a step towards him.

This threat scared Julio but little, probably because he did not believe his master would carry it into execution. He retreated a few feet and drew his knife, saying in a scoffing tone:

"It would be odd, signor, for Geronimo to find us here in mortal combat. He couldn't find anything better for his own salvation."

"How! you would dare?"

"Why not? Do you think Julio would let you kill him like a calf?"

"Listen! He is here!" exclaimed Simone Turchi, starting with terror.

The fall of the heavy iron knocker on the little door in the garden could be heard distinctly.

"Julio, once more, what may I expect of you?" asked Turchi with uneasiness.

"I'll do what I've promised, neither more nor less."

"Well, run and open the door. Mind you, not an impudent word. Don't let your face show the least alarm. Bring him here; tell him I am occupied with the strange merchant; make him wait, and, if he doesn't take a seat at once, choose a favorable moment and push him into the arm-chair. Then come and call me; I'll do the rest."

"You wish me to get Signor Geronimo into the chair?" mumbled Julio.

On leaving the room, Turchi answered him in a menacing voice and with flaming eyes:

"Pietro Mostajo, think of the Factor of Lucca!"

Julio quitted the building, hastened to the wall and opened the door.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MISS EMILY DUNCAN, of the Lydia Thompson Troupe.

LIKE THE TWITTER OF SOME SWEET BIRD.

DEDICATED TO EMMA CONSTANCE AND WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY SAMUEL N. MITCHELL.

We stood 'neath the shade of the lilac boughs,
My dear little lover and I;
And while he was making his golden vows
I saw there was truth in his eye;
He spoke to me of the by-and-bye,
A future that seemed so dim,
And now and then he would breathe a sigh
That endeared my heart to him.
His voice was soft, and each loving word
Was like the twitter of some sweet bird.

We heard the sweet call of the whippoorwill,
My dear little lover and I;
For the night was never before as still,
And never a prettier sky;
He said that I was his guiding star,
His hope and his only pride,
And when he sailed on the ocean far
He'd wish I was by his side.
His voice was soft, and each loving word
Was like the twitter of some sweet bird.

'Tis many a day since we parted there,
My dear little lover and I,
Yet the purple blossoms are just as fair
As they were in the days gone by;
Tho' years have fled since he went away,
'Tis not so long as it seems,
I think of my darling every day,
And he speaks to me in dreams.
His voice is soft, and each loving word
Falls like the twitter of some sweet bird.

IMOGENE'S MISTAKE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

IMOGENE Howard had all the appearance of a queen holding court as she sat upon the pleasant veranda of "The Happy Retreat." It was the hour after lunch; too hot for driving, boating or walking, too early to dress for dinner. The guests of this small establishment, who were (with one exception) old friends, had gathered upon the veranda, and were while away the Summer afternoon with light conversation. Disposed in favorite attitudes, some lounging on the rustic benches, others seated upon the steps, they had grouped themselves around their acknowledged centre, Imogene Howard.

This young lady never lounged, never threw herself into the various coquettish—or otherwise—positions of her female companions. Of a regal presence was she, and the chair she occupied became for the time being a throne, and from it this afternoon of which I write she pronounced her judgments and dispensed her favors with that confidence in their reception which her assured position as beauty and heiress warranted. As often happens, the conversation, which had begun in jest, led by some chance remarks to a serious train of thought.

"It is too true," said Miss Howard sadly. "Chivalry is among the things of the vanished past. When do we hear of a case of real heroism? What man is willing to risk his life to save that of another?"

"Give it up," answered Jack Elms, who made it a point to ignore all serious questions, and who was the self-constituted "funny-man" of the party.

Imogene flashed him an indignant look from her large black eyes, but took no further notice of him.

"Yes, men are degenerating," went on the fair moralist; "they are fast becoming mere idlers and pleasure-seekers, who do not even row for fear of blistering their soft hands, which they carefully encase in gloves."

"Like myself, Miss Howard?" interrupted a gentleman who sat apart from the others, and had hitherto taken no part in the conversation, but who now looked up with an amused smile and made the remark just quoted.

His hands were neatly gloved, and none of the company there assembled had ever seen them otherwise. Speculation as to the cause had been often indulged in, and hints, which would have led to an explanation from a man less self-contained than Frank Nelson, thrown out. But he kept his own counsel, quietly declining to participate in the manly amusement of the other gentlemen staying in the house, on the plea of having his time fully taken up by other pursuits. These pursuits were supposed to be literary, as one of the two rooms which he occupied was fitted up as a library, and he was seldom seen without a book in his hand.

When the gay party arrived at "The Happy Retreat" the owner informed them that the whole house was at their disposal, save two rooms, which were engaged by Mr. Nelson from year to year. This outside guest, however, did not prove a barrier to their enjoyment, for he impressed them favorably in spite of the mystery surrounding him, and his distant, reserved bearing. Imogene alone refused to admit him to her friendship, for what fascinated even Lucy Gray, who can fathom a woman's motives? Accustomed as she was to sway all with whom she came in contact, perhaps she felt wounded self-love and humiliation rising in her breast when she found that Mr. Nelson bowed not at her feet. This feeling she hid under a manner, the contempt of which was almost insolent. Assuming that he was a coward, because he neither rode, drove, nor pulled an oar, she lost no opportunity to covertly taunt him with it. But apparently he did not notice it, taking all her keen shafts as quietly as he did this afternoon when rowing was mentioned.

"No name was spoken, Mr. Nelson," replied Miss Howard haughtily.

"Oh? But look here, Imogene, you forget those fellows who raced, played ball, jumped, and no end of other things at the athletic grounds. I am sure they were brave," said Kate Allen, who "doted" on horse-racing and kindred sports, and was quite an adept in turfy slang.

"I do not call a reckless peril of life and limb, when there is no object to be attained, true bravery," responded Imogene.

"I am sure, Miss Howard, we are all your devoted followers, ready to do or dare in your cause," asserted George Chester in behalf of his sex.

"Yes, and I appreciate it. But what I am talking of is true heroism, not the little attentions of every-day life. Now, what man among you, suppose we were shipwrecked, would untie his own life-preserver to place it around me or any other helpless woman?"

"Ask us an easy one," muttered Jack Elms.

"When you say heroism is a thing of the past, you forget the brave soldiers of our late war," said Harry Taylor, who had served in the Home Guard, and in consequence felt privileged to speak of his brothers-in-arms.

"Forget them?" earnestly replied Imogene. "I trust the day never will come that sees me do that! You forget, Mr. Taylor, that I am the daughter of one brave soldier, the sister of two others. It is the pride and glory of my life."

Chancing to glance towards Mr. Nelson, she caught for the first time an expression of admiration in his deep, unfathomable eyes. Turning contemptuously away, she resumed her subject:

"But even the bravery of our noble soldiers, much as I admire it, was not the kind of which I am speaking. They fought for a great cause; and in the heat of battle, upheld by the example of each other and inspired by the great end in view, and the fierce intoxication of the moment, our brave men hesitated not to march even to the awful cannon's mouth or to throw themselves upon the bayonets of the enemy."

"You are getting enthusiastic, Miss Howard," said Mr. Chester, while the listless idlers around seemed startled into new life by the fire of her words, and yet more by the eloquence of her grand face.

"Dear Imogene is so interesting," lisped one of the female flatterers who always follow in the train of a belle, and, metaphorically speaking, seem to feed on the crumbs which fall from her well-filled train of admirers.

"You must pardon me," smiled Imogene, "for monopolizing the conversation, but this is a favorite topic of mine. My idea of true heroism is an individual act, done deliberately, and with full knowledge of the perils attending it; whose motive is hope of neither glory nor personal gain, but the rescue of the person or persons whose lives are endangered. I crave your further indulgence while I state an instance which occurred during the war, and which seems to me an act of bravery worthy to be ranked with the most famous deeds of old."

All signified their willingness to listen.

"But first, Miss Howard," said George Chester, "you must admit by virtue of this very act, which you acknowledge to have been so brave, that your sweeping assertion that true heroism is unknown at the present day is unfounded."

"The act of which I speak took place over ten years ago. But," she added earnestly, "it was brave enough to cover the deficiencies of ten times ten years. Very well, Mr. Chester, I admit that I was wrong."

"Story! story!" cried several voices, and the fair relator proceeded.

"It was just prior to one of the most sanguinary battles of the war. The two opposing armies lay in sight of each other, and, although there was no regular engagement that day, yet shells were fired by each side into the camp of the other. In a tent which was pitched upon an elevation in our own encampment sat six officers. Two of them were my own dear father and brother; they, with three of the remaining four, were old comrades, had fought in the same battles, camped round the same fires, and each knew the other's worth. They were seated at the rude table which occupied the centre of the tent, engaged in writing letters to the loved ones at home. The sixth was a stranger but lately transferred from another department. His record was unknown, and, as his modest lips never referred to his own deeds, his new companions were unaware if his past had been heroic or otherwise. He sat near the opening of the tent, his eyes fixed upon the opposite hillside, which was whitened by the canvas of the enemy. A shell came shrieking through the air. The officers at the table, grown indifferent to such sounds, continued their occupation. The young man at the door watched its progress. Straight towards their tent it came, and, to his horror, entered it, and lay smoking between the officers and all hope of escape. The stranger, from his position, could have fled and left the others to their fate. But no, such was not his character. Quick as thought, he seized the terrible engine of death in his hands, rushed from the tent and flung it over the precipice! God watched over his valorous deed; for, although the shell burst in his hands, one might say, yet he received no severe injury. When his companions, who in spite of their bravery had stood appalled at the action of their comrade, rushed out of the tent, expecting to find his mangled remains, they were overjoyed to discover that, beyond being rendered senseless by the shock and the loss of some fingers, he was unhurt. You can imagine with what care they watched over him, what brotherly love they ever afterwards felt for him, and how the camp rang with the story of his deed. Was I not right in calling this an instance worthy of the knights of old?"

A general chorus of assenting voices was heard, Mr. Nelson alone remaining silent.

"You do not seem impressed by my story, Mr. Nelson," said Imogene. "Do you not consider the act an uncommon display of heroism?"

"Well, no," said that gentleman quietly. "He merely did what many others would have done."

"It has been said that in order to appreciate another's bravery one must have a brave soul one's self," returned Imogene with cutting irony.

Mr. Nelson bowed and resumed his book.

"Oh, but what was the fellow's name?" cried Kate Allen.

"That I cannot tell, as he became heir to an immense property soon after, and changed the name by which he was known in the army. His residence has also been lost to the knowledge of his friends. Oh, could I but see him, the brave preserver of my father and brother, what would I not do for him!" concluded the enthusiastic girl.

"Would you kiss him, dear Imogene?" asked the lisper with a coquettish glance.

Imogene looked down from her mental as well as physical height to the silly girl at her feet with an expression of disgust. It changed, however, to one of indulgence as it rested upon the vapid prettiness of the questioner, and she answered quietly:

"Perchance I might, Sadie, but not in the sentimental way of which you are thinking. Mine would be a pure, womanly kiss, given because all other expression would seem too feeble to portray my reverential gratitude."

Again that mysterious expression in the dark eyes of Mr. Nelson as they met hers for a moment. Just here the dressing-bell rang, and the party separated to prepare for dinner.

That evening Imogene left the gay company assembled in the parlor and sought an unfrequented portion of the piazza, where, screened by vines, she stood undisturbed, looking far out over the valley and river. The brilliant moon, which brought out in bold relief the picturesque landscape and broad, rolling stream, stole in to her retreat and disclosed the stately, supple figure robed in the princess-dress of cream-white bunting, trimmed with lace and cardinal ribbons, leaning against a pillar. The clear, dark face was raised to heaven, and a wistful expression beamed from the softened eyes. Suddenly she heard a voice beside her saying:

"Imogene, will you give me that kiss?"

Turning, she saw Mr. Nelson at her side, his usually impassive face transfigured by the love which glowed upon it.

"How dare you address me in that manner, sir?"

"The love I feel for you makes me bold."

"Love! The man who would aspire to love me must first win his spurs;" and, gathering her draperies around her, she swept into the house.

No sleep visited her unquiet pillow that night. Her mind was torn by conflicting emotions, now elated by the thought that she was so deeply loved, now indignant that a man whom she assumed to be a coward should dare to feel such a sentiment for her.

Pleading illness, she did not appear downstairs until afternoon of the next day, when the house was still, the inmates having gone to a neighboring point of interest. But fatality seemed to pursue her. As she passed out upon the veranda, what was her dismay to find Mr. Nelson snugly ensconced upon a rustic chair, his inevitable book in his hand. As she well knew, his usual habit was to study in his library, but, thinking that the piazza would be untenanted through the day, he had taken possession of it. He rose and bowed quietly. Imogene, while endeavoring to preserve a haughty manner, felt her cheeks reddening. As she was about to enter the house to hide her confusion, a wagon drove up, and from it dismounted a young man. With one bound the usually stately girl sprang down the steps and into the arms outstretched to receive her.

"O Herbert! how glad I am to see you!" she cried, clinging to his arm, the tears running down her cheeks.

"Why, Genie, darling," said he fondly, "tears! What is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing, but that I am so glad to see you!"

"Well, I thought, as I could get away for a week, I'd—hallo! Who's that? My dear fellow, how do you do?" and, leaving his astonished sister to take care of herself, Herbert Howard rushed upon the piazza and exchanged with Frank Nelson an embrace of such fervor that Imogene was only surprised that they did not kiss each other.

"Imogene, why did you not write me that you were fortunate enough to be living under the same roof with the man who saved the lives of your father and brother?"

Imogene stood bewildered.

"Whom do you mean, Herbert? There is no one here but Mr. Nelson."

"He is just the one I mean. The bravest man I ever met; the man who threw the shell out of our tent, and saved us from sure destruction."

"Gently, gently, Herbert," smiled Mr. Nelson, wincing a little as Herbert pressed his hands.

"Oh, the poor hands, are they tender yet?" asked Herbert, holding them in his own as gently as a woman might.

"Mr. Nelson, how mistaken I have been!" cried Imogene, and, covering her face with her hands, she fled into the house.

Herbert gave a long whistle of surprise.

"Well, what's up now? Th-ese girls, Nelson, are past finding out. But you look odd too—what has happened?"

"To be frank, Herbert, I have dared to love your sister."

"And she hasn't dared to refuse you?"

"Yes; and in such a way that I fear she has conceived some mistaken idea of me."

"Never you mind, my boy; I'll set it all right."

And in his usual impulsive way he sought his sister at once.

It was twilight of the same day. Frank Nelson was seated at his library window lost in thought. His hands, deeply scarred and minus several fingers, were ungloved, and their condition revealed the mystery of their usually covered state. A tap at the door, and Herbert entered.

"I have a message for you, Frank. Imogene wishes to see you."

Nelson started up with alacrity.

"I will go at once."

"Not so fast, my dear fellow. She wishes to seek you."

"But I cannot allow her to humble herself in that manner."

"That's all right; 'twill do her good. Girls get too high sometimes. I'll bring her to your door."

Frank stood in the same spot when the door again opened, and Herbert ushered Imogene into the room, then went out and left the two together. Imogene, pale and subdued, with her trailing black garments looking like a nun's vestments, glided to Nelson's side, and before he could prevent it sank at his feet.

"Can you ever forgive me? Can you ever forget the continuedly and scorn I have heaped upon you—the ridicule I have made of these poor hands?" and, catching them in her own, she pressed them, scarred as they were, to her lips and heart.

"Imogene, my darling, I cannot allow this. Rise, I entreat! It is I who should kneel."

"No, no; let me stay here until you forgive me."

"I forgive you as fully as I love you," he replied, raising her to his breast. "Where is that kiss of reverential gratitude?" he whispered.

"I will give it you," and without shame she drew his head to her level, and kissed his cheek with purity and devotion.

"And shall I not have one of love also?" pleaded, as the sweet face was hidden on his shoulder.

Construing her bashful silence into consent, he took more than one from the soft lips of his love, promised to presently become his wife, and to follow the guidance of the brave hands that saved and strove preserved the lives of those near and dear to her.

BROWN came home late the other evening, and Mrs. B. observed: "So, you've been to the club again, I see." "Club," said Brown, "that's a funny word; take off the 'c,' and it's all right, dear." "Yes," answered Mrs. B., "take off the 'l,' and it's you, you v

---

Going to Sea.

A rather enthusiastic boy, after finishing the last chapter of a book called "The Pleasures of the Deep," pleaded with his father to let him ship aboard a small schooner. The old man smiled a grim smile, took the case under consideration, and in a few days the boy was on the rolling deep, having shipped as a greenhorn on a vessel in the coal trade. He sailed to Tynemouth, came down and creased to Hull, and next week he appeared at home, lame and stiff, his throat sore, one eye nearly shut, and a feeling of humbleness running all through him.

"What, back again!" cried the old man, as the boy entered the house.

"Yes, father; I went to saw all the wood for Winter, bring in all the coal, clean out the cellar and paint the barn; and you needn't give me but two meals a day."

"Don't you like sailing?"

"Father, you don't understand anything about it. The captain sailed away on Sunday the same as any other day, and I believe he swore even harder. He wouldn't give me an umbrella when it rained, he made me sit up most all night, and two or three times called me up at midnight, and made me haul ropes and drag old sails about. There wasn't a single night when all of us got off to bed at nine o'clock, and there wasn't a day that he did not bully us about, and stop us every time we got reading anything good. I like land, father, and I wish I owned a farm."

The old man chuckled and the boy turned away from "Peter Simple" last week with a shudder.

SORROW-STRICKEN.—Some time ago an aged man who had just lost his wife came into our sanctum, and with tears standing in his eyes, enquired the memory of the deceased, and asked us to record the death in our next issue. "And," said he, "while you are about it, make an item about one of my Brahma hens laying an egg measuring seven and a quarter by eight and three-quarter inches in circumference." Thus suddenly our thoughts of sympathy were directed to the sterner realities of life.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph

A. P., Jamestown.—1. Oysters are found in the sea near shores, and are cultivated by being transplanted to beds, and from these beds the dealers get their supply. Natural beds are to be found in bays and the mouths of large rivers. 2. All large oysters are called saddle-rocks, extras or double extras. The original East-river Saddle-rocks stood but a short time, perhaps two seasons. 3. The oyster cannot live in fresh water. 4. There is a kind, found in brooks and rivers, which are called fresh-water clams, but they are not used.

G. OFFORD JR., Kingston.—If the owner of the Zitella did not protest before the race commenced, and subsequently, as you say, abandoned the contest before rounding the third buoy, you were entitled to the stakes; but by allowing Mr. Strange to enter a protest after the race, without making it conditional that the boats sail the race over, you waived all claim to the money. The judge's decision that the race was "off," each man to receive back his portion of the stakes, was correct.

FIFE CORNET.—Rudolph Aronson, Brooklyn.—1. The bottles used by Bensley in his "Crystal Pyramids" are about three and a half inches in diameter at the top, and there is no neck at the bottom, which is perfectly flat. As to wrong, therefore, as to the latter particular. 2. We do right as to all else, is wrong as to the bottles being of the ordinary size at their mouths. Neither party being wholly right, the bet is a draw. 3. Any dealer in glassware can get them blown for you.

C. E. D. SNOW, Annapolis.—We know of nothing to prevent Bernhard Hanlon towing upon any water within the limits of the United States where he chooses to go. We presume you are thinking of the recommendations passed by the committee-men and judges appointed to officiate this year's Fourth-of-July Regatta at Boston, to the effect that Hanlon be debarred from participation in all future races held there under the auspices of the city government.

H. S., Hartford.—1. Allen Oates is her name. She has been twice married. Born Sept. 25, 1849. 2. Mouiton has been timed as doing 100yds. in 10¼s., but it was to a flying start, which makes a big difference. We don't believe that either he or Allison can get inside of 10s., if as low as that, standing start. 3. It is J. M. Laflin, the club-swinger. 4. It is worth the price asked. 5. Address him in our care.

H. D. W.—We cannot decide this. As the law seems to read, the father's acquisition of citizenship does not make a prospective citizen of that minor son who at that time has never been in this country. What would be the decision of the courts, should such a case come up, we cannot say. The naturalization laws are susceptible of various interpretations.

BULASKI, Washington.—"Suppose a ball from the bat should go about 25 feet in the air and then strike directly in front of the home plate and rebound back to the catcher's position, is such a ball fair or foul"——It is fair. Only balls going from the bat directly to the ground are included in the exception to the rule.

F. H. A., New Orleans.—"Three men are on bases; striker hits down towards first base a ground-ball, which arrives there before he does. Are the men on bases forced off or not? The umpire decided not." The decision was right, and had we been on first base the base-runner ceased to be forced off, but not until then.

A. H., Greenfield.—Goldsmith Maid's best time is 2:14. 2. The best running time, for a mile, is 1:39¾. by Ten Broeck. 3. Shot-guns and revolvers can be purchased almost anywhere. Breech-loading shot-guns are now the rule. 4. Not at the risk of a residence in State-prison. We do not know what you mean by "trick cards."

PETER, Troy.—Is any law against masking, whether at a ball or in the streets, is not a recent enactment. It has been frequently enforced, notably against the Jewish community about twenty years ago by the late Police-superintendent Kennedy. On the other hand, it is oftentimes not enforced.

P.—In the late rifle match between the American and British teams, the members of the former, by reason of previous competitions, benefited by the advice and experience of each other; in other words, they were "coached" by one another. The English riflemen were coached by Messrs. Greenhill and Waller.

G. M., Waverly.—1. You will not need it until you get to London, and you will save about three hundred per cent. by buying it there. 2. The safest method is to have it sent free. Signs indicate which ferry to take. Besides, you can inquire of a fellow-passenger. 3. The Merchants' Hotel, on the National, both in Cortlandt street.

N. E. L., Montreal.—No answers by mail. John Henry Anderson, the "Wizard of the North," died in Darlington, June 4, 1874, aged 76. He was not a native of this country, but whose present whereabouts is unknown to us. A letter addressed to him in care of this office should reach him.

H. D. MANOR, J.—In Sept. 18, 1873, Alexander Brayley defeated Wallace Ross in a race for the championship of New Brunswick, a silver medal and £5. It was not a match-race. Brayley again defeated him at a regatta held at Westfield in the Fall of 1875, the distance being three miles.

KNICKERBOCKER, Brooklyn.—It should be evident to you that we cannot decide the case on the strength of the word of each saloon-keeper, whose statement you can get as well as we. Your getting it will save us a journey to Clifton and thence to Washington.

J. F., West Meriden.—Scenic-scenery in this city are mostly engaged for job-work, and changes are being frequently made. We know of no way that you could learn their names and addresses unless you pay a fee to some one of the dramatic agents here to send you a list.

F., Princeton.—The base-runner was out for not returning on the ball's being batted foul. The batsman right to contest does not admit of a nine's refusing to play. The side refusing to continue the game forfeited by 9 to 0.

G. A., Ogdensburg.—He may have. As you have not stated the number of points constituting the game, the game may not yet be out; or both the euchring players may have held six cards.

SEVEN-UP, Saratoga.—The turning of jack put the dealer out. Had he made it in play, even at the first trick, it would not have counted. B's ace would then have put B out.

A. D. F., St. Louis.—Clothing purchased in Canada and brought into the States is subject to duty, whether worn or not. In the former case the duty is seldom exacted, but we have seen it collected.

J. F.—1. Your membership dates from your initiation. 2. In the absence of any regulation to the contrary, it is to be assumed that everything done by the quorum of such an association is proper.

G. F., Springfield.—The play named was written expressly for Lady Don and produced by the springing of it, and it was first acted July 2, 1877, in the Academy of Music, Montreal.

CLIPPER READER, Port Hope.—We believe he is engaged to translate plays from the French and rewrite others.

A. R., Louisville.—The performances were never stopped by the authorities in this city.

CRABY HORSE.—23, 36 and 37 cannot be held at cribbage.

GLOVERSVILLE.—As the statement reads, Bob wins.

SERGEANT STREET, Cambridge.—The jack counts.

SUBSCRIBER, Boston.—They reversed it in the theatre.

RENT, Philadelphia.—75 cents for each insertion.

SUBSCRIBER, Titusville.—Flora Temple is alive.

SHARER, Boston.—It could not as use the nine.

J. D., Omaha.—Sixes beat aces at poker-dice.

ENOCH, Phila.—See "J. F., West Meriden."

READER.—It is purely a matter of opinion.

A. R., Elmira.—Address him in our care.

G. O., Schenectady.—The bet is binding.

S. G., Louisville.—We have one there.

E. K.—A is right. He cannot now play.

A BROOKLYN BOY.—Joshua Bunce.

J. W. WHITE.—It was "no game."

F. H. W., Springfield.—It is fair.

MOL.—C has no voice whatever.

A. B. TEST.—He has received it.

R. A. W., Minneapolis.—2:17¾.

F. H.—5 Wins.

MILLER AND BAUER.—Those noted athletes and exponents of the Greco-Roman style of wrestling, Thiebaud Bauer and Prof. Miller will engage in another contest at Quinsore's Garden, this city, this (Tuesday) evening, Oct. 24. The conditions are: The man gaining two falls to be declared the winner; or, in case only one fall shall have been obtained before 11 30 P. M., the man in whose favor said fall was allowed shall be the winner of the match; but if one fall only shall be obtained, then they must continue wrestling until one or the other obtains the deciding fall, a draw not being allowed. So say the announcement.

THE ANNUAL GAMES of the Plainfield (N. J.) Athletic Club will be held to-day (Tuesday) Oct. 16. A number of athletes have entered for the different events, eight in all, in addition to which T. C. Hefelfinger of the Harlem A. C. will make a special exhibition.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

***, Oct. 8: The employes of the Pennsylvania Coal Company resumed work.....The committee appointed to investigate the cause of the Patent-office fire in Washington, D. C., reported its origin to have been a grate fire in the ladies' copying-room, which led to a greater fire.....A number of the Long Branch hotel-keepers were indicted for selling liquor without a license. Mumm's the word.....The Pioneer Land and Loan Bank, San Francisco, Cal., closed its doors.....A letter from Stanley the explorer, dated Aug. 13, was published.....Fernandina, Fla., still suffering from yellow-fever, sent out an earnest appeal for aid.....In the trial of the spiritual-medium Bliss at Philadelphia, Pa., the jury disagreed.....Mary Davis, a colored woman, was shot and killed near Annapolis, Md., by William Edgar.....City news: Mable Leonard sold how she ran away from her guardian; a severe rainstorm filled the reservoirs; more of Gilman's rascalities came to light; Leopold Preuss shot himself through the breast in Rivington street; Castom-house inspectors seized 4,650 smuggled cigars; the steamships brought 152 emigrants; the boxes for the Edwin Adams benefit were sold at auction; the body found in the Harlem River Sunday was identified as that of Charles Seymour of Avenue D; an unknown man jumped into the North River at Thirty-fourth street and was drowned.....The ship Mabel Clark was launched at Waldoboro, Me.....Thomas McKay, awaiting trial for burglary, committed suicide in the Pittsfield, Mass., jail.....By cable: A severe shock of earthquake was felt at Geneva, Switzerland; France was reported to be arming her forts; Asiatic cholera was said to have reached Japan.....Fires: The Pavilion Hotel at Glen Cove, L. I.—loss $20,000; the street-car works of J. M. Jones & Co., at West Troy, N. Y., damaged to the extent of $30,000; Sullivan & Rice's safe-factory at Albany, N. Y.—loss $15,000; Sterrett's livery-stable at Erie, Pa., destroying thirteen horses; a large barn near Mechanicsburg, Pa., together with considerable live stock—loss $12,000. The fire is supposed to have been kindled by tramps.

***, Oct. 9: The Ohio State election was held, and resulted in a Democratic victory.....Iowa gave a Republican majority.....At Newburg, N. Y., Mrs. Ruth Elmer died of fright caused by a runaway horse.....The employes of the Susquehanna Coal Company voted to resume work at an advance of ten per cent.....Henry J. Yates, Republican, was elected Mayor of Newark, N. J.....James N. Dixon, on trial for murder at Bridgeton, N. J., was found not guilty.....The Woman-suffrage Convention assembled at Boston, Mass.....The house of John Harris, on the Newark Bay shore, Pamrapo, N. J., was swept away by the storm, and it is feared that Harris, his wife and two children were lost.....The Democratic Convention at Nyack, N. Y., called to nominate a State Senator, was the scene of a disgraceful row.....The steamer Sonlongoo was run into by a wood-boat on the St. John River, N. B., and two lady passengers were drowned.....James Berry, one of the Union Pacific train-robbers, was captured in New Mexico.....Advices from El Paso, Texas, showed that the country was in possession of a mob, and that the inhabitants were fleeing for safety.....The body of a dead man was found tied to a tree in the Jamaica woods, L. I.....City news: Wallace Thatcher, while riding on the top of a freight-car on the Hudson-river Railroad, was struck by the bridge at Sixty-fifth street and instantly killed; Richard Branch, colored, who murdered Alfred Dillard on the 4th inst., at Saratoga, N. Y., was arrested; the Rev. Dr. Houghton in "The Little Church Around the Corner" preached a sermon on Gilman the forger; the collapse of the Cheap Cab Company was announced; David Levine, aged six, fell from a schoolhouse window on Ludlow street and was fatally injured.....Owing to a severe storm in England no news was received by cable.....An unsuccessful effort was made to float the Sound steamer Massachusetts, lying on the rocks off Greenport, L. I.....At Waterville, Me., Nathaniel Gilman wounded three workmen with a shot-gun. Gilman is the man who shot his own brother on Broadway, this city, last Winter.....A man supposed to be Thomas Osmond, and having upon his person a roll of burglars' tools, was killed on the railroad near Greenport, O.....Fires: The entire business portion of the village of Jamesville, N. Y.—estimated loss $60,000; a carriage factory, livery stable and two houses at Stapleton, S. I.—loss $10,000; Levi's clothing store, Bridgeport, slightly damaged; the proprietor was arrested on a suspicion of having kindled the fire himself; the barns at Dracut, Mass., with 160 tons of hay and a number of cows —loss $12,000.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ANDERSON, Robert.—Assistant Adjutant-general of the G. A. R. of New Jersey, and formerly Commander of the George H. Thomas Post, on the battle of Spottsylvania he received a wound in the hip, which was supposed to have healed; but which opened again about four years ago, ultimately causing his death.—Newark, N. J., Oct. 7.

ARMSTRONG, Robert.—An active local politician of Philadelphia, Pa. He was, at different times, a member of the Select and Common Councils, and was the contractor for the brick-work of the new City Hall—that city, Oct. 9, aged 54.

BARNARD, Thomas.—A respected citizen of Newark, N. J., and a member of the firm of Ball & Barnard.—Newark, N. J., Oct. 7, aged 68.

BIDDLE, Joseph Williams.—A second lieutenant in the Seventh Cavalry, United States Army. He graduated at West Point in 1876, having been born in the State of Pennsylvania. He was killed at the battle of Bear Paw Mountain by the Nez Perces Indians Sept. 30.

BENDIX Gen. John E.—A distinguished officer of volunteers during the Rebellion, and more recently a Brigadier-general in the National Guard of this State. A German parentage, came to this city at an early age and learned the machinist's trade. His military career began in 1847, when he joined the Ninth Regiment, State militia. At the outbreak of the war he organized the Seventh Regiment of Volunteers, and became its colonel. Subsequently he was colonel of the Tenth, and later, in 1865, he organized the Third Regiment, known as the "Bendix Zouaves." He was engaged in the battles of the Wilderness (where he was wounded), Bull Run, Antietam and Fredericksburg. In the latter engagement he was severely wounded. He was retired from active service in 1871. He was succeeded with the Masonic brotherhood—this city, Oct. 7, aged 59.

BELL, Mrs. John.—The widow of the late Hon. John Bell of Texas.—Maury County, Texas, Oct. 12, aged 80.

DIMMICK, Oliver Smith.—A prominent man in law and politics. He began the practice of law in Milford, Pa., was twice elected to the Assembly, and subsequently he was made Associate Judge of Pike county, Pa., which position he filled for a number of years. He was born in 1832.—Port Jervis, N. Y., Oct. 6, aged 69.

DODGE, Edward.—One of the oldest business men in New York, and a member of the late firm of Olin, Dodge & Co., Cooks & Co.....He began his business career in Philadelphia, but he established a banking-house, which is still in existence. Subsequently he opened brauches of that house in this city and Boston, giving his personal attention to the former. He held at one time a controlling interest in the firm of Jay Cooke & Co., but retired before the failure of that house—Brooklyn, L. I., Oct. 9, aged 64.

HENDERSON, Isaac.—A veteran officer of the Prince-street police, this city. He was relieved from patrol at six o'clock, and died shortly afterwards.—This city, Oct. 9.

HOSFELD, St. George.—One of the most aged members of the Philadelphia Musical Association —that city, Oct. 5.

HEISKELL, Col. Jesse L.—Formerly one of the most extensive mail contractors in the United States. His operations extended through Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky and Texas. During the war he had extensive mail contracts with the Confederate States Government. He was at one time Sheriff of Albemarle County, Va., and was possessed of a large estate. This was lost during the Rebellion, and he died in poverty—Harrisonburg, Va., Oct. 12.

INGRAM John Geiger—City editor of the Harrisburg (Pa.) *Telegraph*. He served in the 76th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, during the war, and soon after being mustered out became connected with the *Telegraph*. He was twice elected Auditor of Dauphin County—Harrisburg, Pa., Oct. 8, aged 34.

KLEINZ, Col. Christopher—Entered the Union Army, July 30, 1861, as captain of Company E, Seventy-ninth Regiment, Pennsylvania Pennsylvania Cavalry. He was promoted major Oct. 29, 1862, and then lieut.-colonel, and continued in command of the regiment until mustered out, Aug. 7, 1865. His later services were as commander of the 5th Regiment of Philadelphia. He was a good soldier, and a competent and faithful commander—there, Oct. 10, aged [illegible].

LATHROP, J. P. P.—A prominent business man of Leroy, N. Y., and a member of the Produce Exchange of this city. He founded the firm of Lathrop & Co., this city, and retired in 1871, going to Chicago. He was soon after compelled to retire from active business on account of his health—Leroy, N. Y., Oct. 11, aged 47.

METZGAR, Nathan.—A highly-respected citizen of Allentown, Pa., where he had resided for many years. He died suddenly of heart disease—there, Oct. 12.

MEIGGS, Henry.—The great railroad magnate of South America. His career was as wonderful as it was romantic. He was born in Greene County, N. Y., about 1811. The first gained a reputation in Boston, Mass., as a successful builder and contractor. Coming to this city, he lost his fortune in the panic of 1837, but was speedily on his feet again. With the discovery of gold in California, he had a ship with lumber and sailed for San Francisco. There he became enormously rich, and for a time was the leading man of the State, alike in business, politics and society. The financial pressure of 1854 threw him again into bankruptcy. He committed forgeries to the sum of $3,000,000, and fled to the city. It was found that he had sailed on the lumber-ship, and his flight occasioned intense excitement in California. He came to the surface next in Chili, South America. There he contracted to complete the Valparaiso and Santiago Railroad for $13,000,000, which he did. Other contracts which others had demanded. The Government accepted his offer. Meiggs utilized the native laborers, which had never been done before, built the road in two years—half the time he had agreed to—and cleared over a million dollars on the contract. He up his residence in Santiago, where he remained until 1867, when he went to Peru. Here he constructed the Arequipa road, which was completed in 1871. It paid him $4,000,000. He became not only a railway king, but a politician. He suppressed revolutions in which he was being opposed with the sacrifice of his contracts—money. His good fortune at last deserted him, and his later ventures proved disastrous failures. The extent of his wholesale bribery became known, and his credit and health broke down together. He lived like a prince, was reckoned a very liberal man, including a generous to a fault. Of his gigantic fortune, but little, it is thought, can be saved—Lima, Peru, Sept. 29, aged 66.

PATTON, Gen. William—The oldest member of the Historical Society of Juniata Pa., bar, and for many years a prominent politician—Towanda, Pa., Oct. 10, aged 78.

PAUL, Dr. John Rodman—A prominent physician of Philadelphia, who had retired from active practice. He was an inspector of the county prisons, was largely interested in the Washington Manufacturing Company at Gloucester, was president of the Gloucester Land Company, was also a trustee of the University of Pennsylvania, and was treasurer of the College of Physicians—Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 13, aged 78.

SELDEN, Gov. Samuel—A leading divine and scholar, and for fifty-eight years an active minister. He was born at New Berlin, this State, and began preaching when nineteen years old, in Pennsylvania. He had been the pastor of churches in this city, in Cincinnati and Cleveland, O., and in Albion and Granville, Pa. He was the secretary of the Bible Union for the translation of the Scriptures, and at one time president of Hiram College in Ohio. He was also one of the founders of *The Christian Quarterly*, to which he frequently contributed. He was a man of rare scholarly attainments, and a consistent Christian—Troy, Pa., Oct. 12, aged 76.

SMITH, Philip—A well-known resident of North Bergen, N. J., and tax-collector of that township —there, Oct. 9.

SNEDDERG, Oscar—A distinguished member of the New York Bar. He was graduated at Columbia College, this city, spent two years in foreign travel, and began the study of law with Francis B. Cutting. He married a daughter of Francis R. Tillou, formerly Recorder of New York. He was associated on different times with Mr. Tillou, Charles M. Da Costa, R. M. Harrison, Noel B. Sanborn and ex-Judge Bedford. He was a brilliant lawyer and a Christian gentleman—Tillitudlum, N. J., Oct. 8, aged 40.

SILL, Jessie C.—A member of the drug firm of Sill & Riggs, Pittsburg, Pa., and prominent as a local politician—McKeesport, Pa., Oct. 6, aged 31.

SHERWOOD, Philip—An old resident of Baltimore, Md., where he was for many years a member of the former volunteer fire department—Baltimore, Md., Oct. 6, aged 63.

SHORTER, William L.—A brilliant young lawyer, who for some time practiced his profession in Brooklyn, L. I. He was educated in the Universities of Tennessee and Virginia. Some months ago he removed to Rome, Ga., and at the time of his death was the associate-editor of *The Rome Courier*. He was a vigorous and effective political speaker—Rome, Ga., Oct. 9, aged 30.

SPRAGUE, Mrs.—Wife of the United States Consul for Gibraltar. She had just returned to her family from France, where she had gone for her health.—Gibraltar, Sept. 26.

TOMKINS, Mrs. Hamilton B.—A granddaughter of Gen. Lewis Cass—Newport, R. I., Oct. 11.

TURNER, Dr. William March—A Philadelphia physician who of late years devoted himself chiefly to literature. He contributed frequently to this story-papers of this city—Philadelphia, Oct. 13, aged 78.

THORPE, Albert G.—An old and highly respected resident of Rahway, N. J. He was one of the original directors of the New Jersey Railroad and Transportation Company. He died suddenly in the railway station—Jersey City, N. J., Oct. 11 ago 1 80.

UPDIKE, Cæsar A.—A prominent lawyer of Providence, R. I. He was a native of North Kingston, that State, and was graduated as Brown University. For many years he was a member of the Providence Common Council, and served in the Rhode Island House of Representatives from 1860 to 1864, being elected Speaker in 1861. He was very effective as a public speaker. He died suddenly in his office—Providence, R. I., Oct. 10, aged 62.

WELLS, Capt. Silas—Editor and proprietor of the Port Jefferson, N. Y., *Times*, and one of the oldest journalists in that State—Baltimore, Md., Oct. 13, aged 60.

WRIGHT, Col. Albert J.—One of the most widely-known private citizens of Boston, Mass.—that city, Oct. 14, aged 59.

AQUATIC.

THE SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.

Morris Defeats Luther and Retains the Title.

Nothing of an untoward nature occurred to interfere with the consummation of the sculling match between Wm. Morris, of Newburgh, and Edward Luther, for one thousand dollars a side and the championship of the United States, which was decided over a five mile turning course on the Allegheny River, at Pittsburg, Pa., on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 13. The race for the contest was the first of the series, which has retained possession of the title of champion, which he won from Billy Scharf during the early part of the present season. From commencement to conclusion the battle of the blades was waged in the fairest possible manner, affording a true test of the relative capabilities of the contestants, and they were by no means unworthy achieved by Morris conclusively proven him to be the odds the better man of the two in a shell boat. As is our custom, we profane our account of the race, which is necessarily brief, with particular comment of the public career of the chief actors in the aquatic drama:

EVAN MORRIS was born Dec. 15, 1851, at Allegheny, Pa., stands 5ft. 9in., and weighed about 158lb. as he stepped into his shell. He began sculling in 1869, when he rowed second to Joe Kane in a regatta on local waters; but in 1870 he won a similar event, defeating Rooney Miller and others. Miller subsequently beat him in a match, same year; but in 1871 Eph turned the tables on Rooney in a match for $400, both three-milers. In 1873 he returned away from home, and, like Bamill in 1863, astonished everybody by easily winning the scullers' race at the Boston Fourth-of-July regatta, beating Tom Butler, Ten Eyck and others. From there he went to Lowell and beat Butler. Landers and O'Rourke, and next appeared at Toronto in 1873, winning, with Harry Coulter as partner, the double-scull race, and rowing second to Coulter in the single-scull race. He was at the Boston regatta July 4, 1874, when he came in well ahead of Landers, Biglin and others in a scullers' race; but the rope at the finish caught and held his boat until the two former had gone under the judges deciding against his claim to first money in consequence. He also pulled in a boat with Andy Seibert and the McDonald Brothers in the four-oared race, and was beaten by the Portland (Me.) crew. In August, same year, he easily won the scullers' race at the Oakland Beach, R. I., regatta, defeating Biglin and Ten Eyck, and with these men and Charles Ingalls, lost the four-oared race, but made a gallant effort to catch him as they neared the turning boats; but Davis was ready with an answering spurt, which kept Jimmy at a safe distance. The race over the Maine course round his stake over a length and a half ahead. On the journey back the New Yorker repeatedly spurted with desperate energy, but Morris was equal to every rivaling, and the finish saw him more than a length in the rear. The race had been exciting all through, and though their man had suffered defeat, the spectators cheered winner and loser lustily. Time, 22min 29sec.

N. A. A. O.

The Executive Committee of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen held a regular meeting at the Knickerbocker Cottage, this city, on Saturday evening, Oct. 13. H. E. Buermeyer and J. E. Eustis of New York, Alex. Krumbaar of Philadelphia, T. W. Kennedy of Newark, and Richard Gaffney as acting secretary and treasurer being present. The report read by the last-named gentleman showed that there are at present fifty-four clubs on the list of the association, five of them having joined during the past year, which witnessed the withdrawal of two clubs; also that the treasury contained a balance of $100 to the credit of the association. The election of officers for the ensuing was next in order, George W. Parker being re-elected president, and H. M. Garfield secretary and treasurer, and Dr. Edward M. Remington of Troy, N. Y., chosen to fill the vacancy on the committee occasioned by the resignation of A. P. Dexter. Routine business having been transacted, the next in order was a motion to change the champion four-oared race of the annual regatta from one and a half to three miles postponed until the next meeting. The secretary preferred charges against W. Walsh and F. Leverich of the Nassau, stating that they had rowed in a pair-oared race at Long Branch, N. J., Aug. 25, with oarsmen disqualified as amateurs by the Executive Committee, in violation of section 4 of the compute, and by a unanimous vote the oarsmen were debarred from taking part in future regattas held under the auspices of the association. Mr. Leverich then arose again, and proceeded to arraign Mr. Eustis, whom he charged with continual neglect of his duties as a committee-man, and with having declared that secretly affected his eligibility to compete in amateur races, and with plainly not being in sympathy with the objects of the organization, closing with a motion that he be expelled from the association. After the reading of time, the reading of the charges, which were couched in severe language, Mr. Eustis arose and spoke in his own defense, his argument being to the effect that the action of the committee members, but his answers to questions concerning his intentions with regard to forthcoming races for which he is a contestant, and his having disqualified oarsmen were to row, proving unsatisfactory, he offered to resign, provided the charges were withdrawn. His proposition being accepted, he drew up and handed in his resignation, and Mr. Leverich, friend of the Harlem Association was elected to fill the vacancy. Subsequently the following resolution was offered and passed: *Resolved*, That a letter be addressed to the Committee of the Harlem Association was elected to fill the vacancy. Subsequently the following resolution was offered and passed: *Resolved*, That a letter be addressed to the Committee of the Harlem Association was elected to fill the vacancy against any professional or disqualified oarsman, this association does not regard the making a protest or declaration a matter of importance, and that the penalty to which he is subject for such competition.

THE YALE OPENING.

Simultaneously with their brother students of Harvard, Princeton, Cornell and others of the colleges of the country, Yale University navy held their Fall regatta on Lake Saltonstall, near New Haven, Ct., on Saturday, Oct. 13. The oarsmen were fortunate in having good water and weather of the best, and the turnout of collegians and residents of the Elm City to see the sport was large. The programme commenced with a barge race, two miles, turn, between the Shark, Dauntless, Undine and Neptune, Jr., Yale's representatives being Messrs. Bartlett (bow), H. E. Coe, R. Wurts, W. K. James, C. H. Schwab, P. Clark (stroke), J. N. Bloom (coxswain). *Junior*—P. Livingston (bow), C. L. Tyng, W. Hall, Julian W. Curtiss, A. S. Polhemus, S. S. Keator (stroke), C. F. Ulrich (coxswain). *Sophomore*—L. C. P. Wurtz (bow), P. King, C. A. Wight, W. Sower, S. Keator, W. Innis (stroke), J. H. Chase (coxswain). The Juniors led from the start, and handily pushed all the way by the Senior six, who were but two and three-quarter seconds behind at the close, leading the Sophs by a like time, and finishing in the order given, the two latter fouling at the half distance, and losing any chance to contest for the prize. The single-scull race followed, with two entries, Goddard, '79, winning by a ball length from Welcher, '81. The next and last event was for four-oared gigs, and was contested by the following crews: *Senior*—Bartlett, Coe, Keator, Woodward, Bancroft (stroke), Drake (coxswain). No. 2—Crocker (bow), Smith, Burr, Parker (stroke), Agassiz, Cousins, Ulrich (coxswain). *Junior*—Livingston (bow), Tyng, Hall, Curtiss, Polhemus (stroke), Jones (coxswain). The last named crew ceased to persevere after turning the upper stake, and No. 1 won by two lengths. No time was taken, as the precise distance rowed in the races was not known.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.—A six-oared shell race between the Seniors, Juniors and Sophomores of Wesleyan University, drew a large number of people to the banks of the Connecticut River at Middletown, Ct., on Saturday, Oct. 13. The crews were: *Senior*—E. A. Sumner (bow), A. K. Kynett, B. A. Rich, F. Ingraham, D. Jack, F. S. Hubbard (stroke). *Junior*—P. L. Gray (bow), A. Wright, J. M. Collins, D. M. Vail, A. Mann Jr., E. A. White (stroke). *Sophomore*—J. A. Bailey (bow), F. Greeley, M. Griffin, G. Hickey, W. B. Hill, H. Warren (stroke). Bad steering by both crews caused a foul between the two former shortly after being started, but they quickly got clear and went on, after the Seniors, spurting, soon overhauled the Sophs (who, during the trouble, had obtained the lead), and, going to the front, remained there until the end, which they reached in 3min. 4sec. About two lengths separated the first and the last boat at the turning-stake, but on the last mile the Juniors, who had been the favorites, gave up the ghost. The Sophs strove hard for victory, but were not able to get up to the leaders, who finished ten seconds ahead. Time, 21m. 29s. Six silver cups rewarded the winners. Starter, William Boyer; judges, J. W. Stowe and R. Newhall; referee, William Barrows.

COURTNEY, RILEY, ETC.—A race modeled after that which recently took place on Owasco Lake—at least as far as governing conditions are concerned—has been arranged for decision on the Susquehanna River, Owego, N. Y., Oct. 17. Courtney, Riley, and Johnson, and perhaps Davis and Ten Eyck, will contest for prizes of $500, $300, and $100, offered by the Owego Steamboat Company, who, of course, expect to profit by the speculation. The course will be three miles, with a turn. Excursion tickets will be sold by the Erie, and the Delaware and Lackawanna and Great Western Railroads, and, in anticipation of a crowd rivaling that which gathered at Owasco Lake, stands have, we hear, been erected on both sides of the river opposite the starting-point.

THE MANHATTAN BOAT CLUB held a regatta on the Hudson, opposite Fort Washington, Oct. 13. The single-scull race was won by F. D. Bowman, the junior by James Walsh, and the four-oared race by Wilson, Lawson, Archey and Mills.

THE CORNELL NAVY.—Some eight hundred persons witnessed the annual Fall regatta held by the students of Cornell University on Cayuga Lake, Ithaca, N. Y., Oct. 13. Unluckily, the water was very choppy, and up a north wave or, which was cold enough to make crews sore and stiff. The finest contest of the day was the six-oared shell race for the Sibley cup, which stands ready to be contested for whenever three crews entered, the Senior—A. W. Smith, John Lewis, R. H. Freeman, Geo. W. Cowan, G. W. Davis, Junior—G. T. Parker, J. W. Wilson, Sophomore—A. S. Mills, R. H. Fargahar, F. Webster, C. R. Carpenter, A. W. Snyder, W. Gardiner. The course was two miles in length, and the Seniors won by several lengths, in 13min. 56sec.; Juniors second, eleven seconds ahead of the Sophs. The latter time was made in preliminary practice, over smooth water. The single-scull championship was then contended for by George M. Wells, '79, and W. Russell, '78, the former winning by some fifteen seconds before Russell. A gig race between two crews belonging to the Freshmen's crew finished the sport, the following: Starboard—Wm. Miller (bow), John Brown, Oscar Monell, Arthur Brown (stroke), Clarence Ross (cox.)—won, thirty seconds ahead of the Neptune crew. The latter had a similar distance. Judges—C. A. Brownley, Wm. Hamburg and F. G. Wilbern.

TOM CRANE, formerly an accomplished oarsman, coach and trainer, died recently in Encinitas, after a prolonged illness. He was the late Robert Chambers' original coach, and was trainer and coach to the Dublin University Boat Club, when they won the Ladies' Plate and the twenty-three races, including the Visitors' Cup at Henley.

THE ENGLISH CHAMPIONSHIP.—The match for the sculling championship of England and £200 a side, between John Higgins, champion of the Tyne, and Elias Cook, of the Thames championship course on Monday, Oct. 8, and we are informed by cable that Higgins regained the premier position, defeating the former conqueror by two lengths.

FRANK DENHARDT of Pittsburg, Pa., was defeated by Weisgerber of Wheeling, West Va., in a three-mile turning race, for $200 a side, Oct. 13. The winner took the lead soon after the start, and thereafter headed, and came in leisurely seven lengths ahead. Time, 28min. 48¾s. About seven thousand people witnessed the race.

THE REGATTA of the Fairmount Rowing Association of Philadelphia, was held on the Schuylkill River Oct. 19, 20. The distance will be three miles, with a turn, and the events single and double scull, four and six oared barge races.

THE CHAMPION (MASS.) YACHT CLUB wound up their season with a regatta for gold prizes Oct. 13. There were eleven starters in three classes, and the winners were the Folly, Nattie, and Imp.

P. K. FORSYTH has defeated G. C. Plume in a single-scull shell race, for the championship of the Passaic Boat Club, at Newark, N. J., Oct. 13. The course was less than two miles, with a turn, and the time 13min. 40sec.

GEORGE CASSIN, of Boston, an oarsman of local repute, was drowned by the capsizing of his boat in Boston Harbor Oct. 8.

BASEBALL.

GAMES TO BE PLAYED.

Oct. 16, Eckfords vs. Hartford, at Phila.
Oct. 16, Alaska (N. Y.) vs. Quickstep, at Jersey City.
Oct. 16, 17, Chicago vs. Boston, at Chicago.
Oct. 17, Atlantic vs. Freetfoot, at Phila.
Oct. 17, Hartford vs. Jamaica, at Brooklyn, L. I.
Oct. 18, Alaska of N. Y. vs. Orange, at Jersey City.
Oct. 18, Defiance vs. Lockner, at Phila.
Oct. 19, 20, Boston vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati.
Oct. 19, Alaska (N. Y.) vs. Chelsea, Jersey City.
Oct. 20, Alaska of N. Y. vs. Princeton, at Jersey City.
Oct. 20, Athletic vs. Fleetfoot, at Phila.
Oct. 23, Boston vs. Picked Nine, at Boston.

INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP.

We give place below to a statistical statement from the secretary of the Allegheny Club, in which is claimed the International championship for that club, as the Maple Leaf Club disbanded when they gave up their professional players, or most of them. While any club may claim the championship of the United States by reason of its series of games with a local club team, if matters not whether it is the original team or a new nine. Saturday, Sept. 29, 1876, Brooklyn vs. Keokuk, at Brooklyn; Brooklyn Carriage-makers vs. Brewster & Co., at Jamaica, L. I.; Mutual vs. Williamsburg, L. I., City, N. J., Columbia vs. Manhattan, six innings, 14 to 2

HARTFORD vs. BUFFALO.

The Hartfords visited Buffalo on Oct. 12, and played their first game with the Buffalo nine. The cold weather prevented a large attendance. The contest proved to be very one-sided, the Hartfords leading off with five runs of Ward's batting. Afterwards they failed to score a run of that the Clippers Nine would only win 3 to 2 against while against Cuba, who was next in demand, they currently offered and taken: 4 to 1 against Lady Sefton; 2 to 1 each against Bertram and Rhadmell, 4 to 1 each Madge and Princess of Thule, and 10 to 1 against Darcy. When, after some delay at the post, the Princess of Thule, Bertram and Madge got away to a stable-companion Lady Salyers, but before the field at the end of the first mile the quarter-pole Princess of Thule, Bertram and Rhadmell, the latter in a brilliant burst of speed, ran through her horses the rear to third place, where she held until entering the straight run home, when Madge, who had sulked and refused to run. Vermont refused to lead to within a furlong from home, when Madge, who had sulked and refused to run. Vermont refused to within a furlong from home, when Madge, who had sulked and refused to run. Vermont refused to lead

THE TURF.

"JEROME."

Closing Day of the Meeting.

The meeting was brought to a close on Saturday, Oct. 13, with a capital day's racing, which was witnessed by the largest attendance present during the seven days it has continued. The weather was of that charming character which distinguishes the Indian Summer, the fields of contending horses were large, and the track was perfectly safe, but not sufficiently elastic under the surface to be fast. There were six races on the card, the first of which was a free handicap sweepstakes of $25 each, if not declared out, with $400 added by the club; the second horse to receive $125 out of the stakes; one mile dash. Eight horses came to the post, viz., Virginius, Madge, Bertram, Cuba, Lady Salyers, Blondell, Princess of Thule and Lady Darcy. Virginius was selected by the knowing ones as the most likely horse to win, and so great was the rush to back him that the bookmakers would only lay 5 to 2 against him, while against Cuba, who was next in demand, 2 to 1 was currently offered and taken; 4 to 1 against Lady Salyers, 6 to 1 each against Bertram and Blondell, 8 to 1 each against Madge and Princess of Thule, and 10 to 1 against Lady Darcy. When, after some delay at the post, the flag fell, Princess of Thule, Bertram and Madge were in front, Virginius and Cuba getting the worst of the start. Making the pace strong, Princess of Thule, in the interest of her stable-companion Lady Salyers, led the field at a merry gait around the turn and past the quarter-pole to the descent to the club-house hill, Bertram being next her, and Blondell, Lady Darcy and Virginius in a bunch close behind the leaders. Opposite the club-stables Lady Salyers, in a brilliant burst of speed, ran through her horses from the rear to third place, where she laid until entering the straight run-home, Princess of Thule leading, Bertram second, and Virginius almost parallel with Salyers. All three passed the Princess half-way up the stretch, and at the lower end of the stand Bertram looked so formidable that his backers commenced cheering at the prospect of his apparent victory. But the moment Smith touched him with the whip, the brute showed his characteristic ill-temper, and, instead of running kindly, he swerved completely across the track. At this critical moment Mc. Laughlin brought up Lady Salyers with a determined rush, and, passing Virginius and Bertram, won the race by half a length in 1:47; Cuba, who ran fast at the finish, being only beaten by a neck by Bertram for second place; Virginius fourth, a neck behind Cuba, Princess of Thule next, then Madge, Blondell and Lucy Darcy. The victory of Col. McDaniels was well received.

The second race was the great event of the day, the All-aged Stakes of $100 each, half forfeit, and only $25 if declared by June 1, the club adding $1,500, second horse to receive 10 per cent. and the third 5 per cent. of the whole stake; Belmont course, one mile and a half. Of the forty-one subscribers, two declared out, thirty-one paid $50 forfeit, and eight started, thus making the value of the stake $8,900. The field of runners was a strong one, comprising such good horses as Tom Ochiltree, Parole, St. Martin, Madge, Idalia, Virginius, Algerine, and Princeton. Madge and Virginius had just run in the previous race, and it certainly looked foolish policy to run them against such fresh and higher classed horses as they had now to encounter. Barbee, as usual, had the mount on Tom Ochiltree, Barrett on Parole, Sayers on St. Martin, Hughes on Virginius, Evans on Princeton, Spafford on Madge, Hughes on Algerine and Spellman on Idalia. The betting was heavy among the bookmakers, the odds being 2 to 1 on Tom Ochiltree winning, while 3 to 2 against Parole was readily laid, 4 to 1 against Idalia, 5 to 1 each against St. Martin and Princeton, 6 to 1 against Algerine, 8 to 1 against Virginius, and 12 to 1 against Madge. After some time was lost, owing to Idalia breaking away, the flag fell, and that filly at once commenced her task of making the running in the interest of her stable companion, Tom Ochiltree, who settled into the position at the quarter-pole, followed by Parole and Algerine, the favorite lying next in the centre of the course, and attended by St. Martin, Virginius, Madge and Princeton, the latter getting off last, and never improving that position throughout the race. They ran thus for the first half mile, and as they went around the upper turn beyond the judges' stand Barbee moved Tom Ochiltree closer to Parole, and the two were running head-and-head at the quarter-pole, two lengths behind Idalia. Rounding the club-house bluff, Barbee, finding the pace made by Idalia not strong enough, parted company with Parole and assumed the lead, the filly falling back after accomplishing her allotted mission. On the turn into the homestretch both Parole and St. Martin made a dash to capture Tom Ochiltree, and got within half a length of him. But Barbee was wide awake, and, keeping his horse well in hand, reserving his powers for a final effort at the finish, he raced with Parole to the foot of the stand, and then, giving the big horse his head, he called upon him in a resolute manner. Gallantly did the noble horse record, and he shot clear away from Parole, who, unable to continue the struggle any longer, or maintain the strain upon his powers, swerved right into the rails behind Tom Ochiltree, and the race was over, for the favorite galloped home, amid cheering, an easy winner by two lengths in 2:43. Parole secured second money ($300) by one length from St. Martin, who took the $100 for third horse. Virginius was fourth, followed in order by Algerine, Idalia, Madge and Princeton. Considering the weight carried by the winner, 124lb, the time was very fast. The next race was the Consolation Purse of $500, of which $100 went to the second horse, one mile and a half. Nine started, viz., Ambush, Dauntless, Vermont, Clemmie G., Major Barker, Hattie F., Bertram, Patriot, and Sears' Invercauld colt. Major Barker was the favorite. A good start, Clemmie G. taking the lead, followed by Bertram, Hattie F., Patriot, and Ambush. Before they had run a furlong Bertram showed in front, and held his place to near the stand, where Evans rushed Vermont to the lead and showed the way at a rapid pace, followed by Clemmie G., Dauntless and Sears' colt. Going down the hill to the club-house bluff Bertram stumbled badly, and thereby lost all chance of winning, for he fell back into the rear to keep company with Ambush, who, as usual, had sulked and refused to run. Vermont retained his lead to within a furlong from home, when Brown challenged Dauntless, and, Vermont cutting up soft as usual, she came right away and won cleverly by a length in 2:46¾; Major Barker, who came with a well-sustained rush at the finish, after being in the rear throughout the race, winning second money by two lengths from Vermont; Hattie F. was fourth, followed in the order named by Clemmie G., Sears' colt, Bertram, Ambush, and Patriot. The time of the race, it will be observed, was three and three quarters seconds slower than that Tom Ochiltree had won the all-aged Stakes in.

Next came a match race, $1,000, half forfeit, gentlemen riders, one mile, between Mr. Lawrence's Risk and P. Lorillard's Barricade, the latter ridden by Mr. Purdy, carrying 5lb less than Mr. Lawrence's weight (165lb). The betting was 5 to 3 on Barricade, who took the lead on the second quarter, and, coming right along, won easily by two lengths in 1:54. A second match followed, for $1,000, play or pay, one mile, between G. Longstaff's W. J. Higgins and W. Drennon's Piper Heidsieck, each carrying 110lb. Each horse was alternately the favorite, but at the start Higgins had the call at $100 to $60. The latter led for half a mile, with Heidsieck pulling double, and at last Barbee had to let him go. He did not hold his lead long, for Higgins closed on him in coming up the stretch, and then beat him by a short head in the slow time of 1:56¾, the result being a most unsatisfactory one, for it was well known that both horses could beat the time made by several seconds.

The last race was a steeplechase, for a purse of $600, of which $100 went to the second horse, entrance free. The contestants were Trouble, Waller, Deadhead, Dandy, and Fredericktown. Deadhead made the running for the greater part of the distance, when Trouble and Waller went to the front, and finished first and second, the latter winning easily in 4:29½. Fredericktown fell. This race terminated a meeting which, although financially a great success, has been, in a racing point of view, a most brilliant one.

ACCIDENTS TO RACEHORSES.—The thoroughbred filly Belle De Mona, 3 years old, by Brown Dick, dam Electra, owned by A. B. Cheatham of Nashville, Tenn., broke her shoulder recently while at exercise on the race course there, by running violently against the fence. The promising colt McWhirter, by Enquirer, dam Ontario, owned by General Buford, pulled up dead lame last week after a gallop, and has been temporarily retired from the turf. He will be unable to fulfill any of his engagements at the Nashville meeting now in progress.

THE RING.

FATHER TOVEE'S TESTIMONIAL.—The veteran representative of the pugilistic brotherhood "Uncle Bill" Tovee had no occasion to complain of lack of attendance on occasion of his benefit at Harry Hill's Variety Theatre on Monday afternoon, Oct. 8, the house being more than comfortably filled. The entertainment presented was varied and pleasing, although there were not nearly so many boxing bouts as had been promised by the bills. The principal displays were between Uncle Tovee and Joe Goss (the beneficiary failing to induce "any body ten pounds heavier and ten years younger than himself" to face him with the gloves), Billy Edwards and Goss, and Jimmy Kelly and Tom Allen. All of these were very enjoyable, and liberally applauded by the spectators, who were so pleased with Tovee's performance with Goss that they gave him an extra ovation of applause. Harry Hill also swung his big Indian clubs for the first time in years, and showed that he hadn't forgotten how to do it gracefully and well. Singing, dancing, etc., filled out the programme. Mr. Tovee desires us to return his sincere thanks to all who attended, both performers and spectators, and in compliance with the wishes of many persons, to him expressed, he says he will endeavor to give an exhibition in Brooklyn, at night, ere long.

CONCER'S CASE.—The case of Joe Concer was heard before the Court of Appeals at Albany, N. Y., last week, upon a writ of error. Prisoner's counsel argued that there was no evidence of intent to kill within the meaning of the statute, and that certain evidence of experts and others offered on his behalf had been improperly excluded. The Court affirmed the judgment against Coburn, who will doubtless be obliged to serve out the term of his sentence, barring reduction of time conditional on good behavior.

STEVE TAYLOR'S LEVEE.—"Cover wot love a mill," or anything akin thereto, are reminded that the compliment ary benefit tendered to the stalwart Jerseyman Steve Taylor will take place at the Arcade, on Newark avenue, Jersey City, not far from the Cortlandt-street Ferry, on Monday evening next, Oct. 22. There will be plenty of good boxers on the stage during the evening, and great things are looked for from this meeting of Taylor and Johnny Dwyer of Brooklyn, at the home of the former.

PROF. WOODS gave a farewell exhibition in London, Ont., Sept. 27, and wound up with Johnny Hickey. It was the intention of Billy and Jonny to make a tour of Dominion, but the latter couldn't keep his head clear long ough at a time, and they had to separate. Woods is teaching in the gymnasium at Quebec, where he is well liked. He requests us to extend his acknowledgments to John Sullivan and H. Meredith for courtesies shown him while in Montreal.

BILL O'BRIEN, a well-known sporting man of Cincinnati, O., died there Oct. 8 of inflammation of the bowels, after an illness of about one month. His remains were taken to Washington, D. C., where he was born.

JAMES COYNE AND "ELLY" MOCKRIDGE, arrested for de fighting, were on Oct. 13 found guilty. The penalty is two years in State Prison or $1,000 fine, or both. James C. Creech was acquitted.

PEDESTRIANISM.

RUNNING VS. HINDLE.—A half-mile foot-race, for $250 a side was run by John E. Manning and Robert Hindle the Scotsman at Beacon Park, Boston, Mass., on Saturday, Oct. For about a third of the distance they were deadheat but now Manning got a little in front and there attended all efforts on the part of Hindle to pass him, ning by less than a yard. Time announced, 2min., will correct, beats anything ever before accomplished country. Starter, James H. Griffin. Judges, Met Shore and Barnes. Referee, John Shea.

MCKAY LARENCE, another young woman of pedestrian pensities, has been walking in public at a hall in Francisco, Cal. She is said to have walked 100 miles in 27hours 40 minutes. John Oddy gave an exhibition of his walking abilities at the same place.

R. I. PELTON defeated Ralph Voorhees in a five-mile walk for a medal, at the Ravenswood (L. I.) Athletic Grounds, Oct. 10. Won by 100 yards. Time, 45m. 34⅘s.

WM. PERKINS has been matched to walk twenty-two miles in three hours, for £50 a side.

A CRICKET MATCH was recently played in Carenovia, N. Y., between eleven of the Onondaga Club and twenty-two of the Canavola Club. The Onondagas, in their first inning, scored 139 runs, the Canevonians being dispos of for the small score of three runs. In their second inning the latter scored 61.

THE ONONDAGA AND CANASTOTA CRICKET CLUBS played a game, at Syracuse N. Y., Oct. 6, the Onondagas winning in one inning, with 36 runs to spare. Score: Onondaga—first inning, 149. Canastota—first inning, 30; second inning, 63.

A GAME OF CRICKET will be played in Syracuse, N. Y., Oct. 21, between Yorkshire and All England eleven. This game will be the last of the season, which has been a totally successful one with the Onondagas.

CIRCUSES.

Continued from page 239.

CIRCUS AND SIDESHOW PROPERTY is offered for sale by Wm. J. Metcheat, whose address find in another column.

MOLLIE BROWN, equestrienne, and W. C. Brown have concluded their engagement with the Forepaugh show, and can be engaged for the Winter or for the season of 1878. For address see our advertising department.

BURR ROBBINS' CIRCUS is to exhibit in Eddyville, Ky., Oct. 17, Paducah 18, Mayfield 19, Clinton 20, Fulton 22, thence into Tennessee.

HILLIARD & HUNTING'S GREAT PACIFIC COMBINATION exhibited in Hamilton, Va., Oct. 11, Leesburg 12, Middleburg 13, and is billed in Fredericksville 15, Salem 16, Orleans 17, Little Washington 18, Sparrieville 19, Culpeper Court-house 20, James City 22, Madison Court-house 23, Gordonsville 24.

HARRY LE ROY, gymnast, tumbler, leaper and trick performer, has concluded his engagement with the Guy Family, and would like to hear from circus parties going South. Address care of this office.

RIDERS and other talent, also performers for concert, band, etc., are wanted by W. J. C., who advertises.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE THEATRE ROYAL, Montreal, having undergone extensive alterations and embellishments, and having been enlarged, is to let by night, week, or season, by the proprietor, Jesse Joseph. It is situated in the most central part of the city, and holds about 1,700.

GEORGE C. DOBSON has just issued a new instruction book for the guitar, which is advertised in another column.

THEATRICAL SCENERY, panoramas, etc., are painted to order by Banvard, who advertises reduced rates for his work.

A LOT of calcium-light apparatus is advertised for sale by W. T. Harmar at any price.

THE PANORAMA of "Across the Continent" is offered for sale. See Queen & Co.'s card.

J. GRIGER INGRAM, for a long time the regular correspondent of THE CLIPPER in Harrisburg, Pa., and connected with the editorial staff of *The Telegraph*, in that city, died Oct. 8, at his father's residence. He was a native of Harrisburg, and within a few days of being 34 years of age. His funeral, under the auspices of the Pilgrim Commandery, K. T., took place 11.

A PANORAMA of the Centennial Exhibition is offered for sale by "Panorama." See card.

AN OPERA-HOUSE in Germantown, Pa., which is announced as having stage, scenery, folding-chairs, and a seating capacity of 700, can be rented through Potter & Seymour, Who advertise.

AT CUFFUTT'S NEWS-DEPOT, Montgomery, Ala., tickets are kept on sale, without charge, for all companies visiting that city. For particulars, agents are referred to the card published in another column.

PROF. R. WALLACE advertises for a hot-air balloon.

CHAS. LOWE, xylophone-maker, advertises that he gives instruction on this wood-and-straw instrument. His instruments are of an improved kind, exceedingly brilliant in tone, and have been often heard at musical entertainments in this city.

W. J. METCHEAR'S SIDESHOW did a good business in Fall River, Mass., last week. Mr. Metchear is organizing a museum to exhibit in cities during the Winter, and as soon as completed it will be exhibited in New Bedford. Living curiosities and other attractions are wanted. See advertisement.

LITTLE PEOPLE are wanted immediately, to sing and take parts in plays, by Hamilton & Nail, who can be addressed care of this office.

ROBERT AND HAIDEE HELLER have done a remarkably large business during their second week in Horticultural Hall, Boston, Mass., and announce a new programme for this. An expose of spiritualism will shortly be made by Mr. Heller.

IN HORTICULTURAL (LOWER) HALL, Boston, Mass., the great national baby show opens Oct. 22 for one week. J. V. Morrison is general director.

A PIANIST is wanted by Hartz the magician. See E. Rosenbaum's card.

C. M. ROBINSON is in Onawa, Ia., reorganizing his troupe of bolringers, and expects to start on a tour Oct. 20.

THE ROYAL MARIONETTES were announced to be disposed of at auction in Philadelphia on Oct. 11, but were withdrawn, too low a figure being bid for them. An entertainment was given at the Assembly Buildings in that city, on the afternoon of Oct. 13, by the Royal Marionettes.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Peoria, Ill., E. F. Benton, proprietor, is advertised in another column.

PROF. GEO. W. SMITH, the veteran ballet-master, who made his first appearance on the stage as a dancer, forty-two years ago, at the old Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, and who was the ballet-master at the Academy of Music last week, purposes opening a dancing-school at Broad and Columbia avenues, in that city, and retiring from the stage.

A WORKING FAC-SIMILE of the Strasburg clock is to be exhibited for a season in Library Hall, Newark, N. J., commencing Oct. 17.

A BABY-SHOW will be one of the attractions in Horticultural Hall, Boston, Mass., next week, and $1,000 in premiums will be awarded to heavy-weights and light-weights of babydom and to the handsomest mother. Anyone owning an extraordinary baby is referred to J. V. Morrison's card.

MACALISTER, magician, opens Oct. 15 in Greenlaw Opera-house, Memphis, Tenn., for a week.

C. H. MCCONNELL gives notice, through our advertising department, that neither he personally nor the National Printing Company of Chicago is interested in any show, directly or indirectly.

FURNISHED ROOMS, with housekeeping conveniences, are advertised in another column.

PROF. COOK, exposer of spiritualism, is announced at the Richmond (Va.) Theatre Oct. 15, 16.

MUSEUM CURIOSITIES are offered long or short engagements by Tillotson & Jacobs, who advertise.

A STEREOPTICON is wanted by W. F. P., who advertises.

MRS. JEANIE JEWELL HOTCHKISS, assisted by Frank Mayo, gave some fine readings at Elmira, N. Y., Oct. 11.

CHARLES MACEVOY'S HIBERNICON was exhibited in the Virginia Opera-house, Richmond, Va., 8, 9, 10, 11, and was well patronized. The comedy company comprises Charles and Maggie MacEvoy, C. A. and May Loder, and A. Hughes, who were good in their several specialities.

SIG. RUBINI, magician, advertises for a business-manager.

A. J. LEAVITT advertises that he can furnish theatrical and minstrel wigs at reduced prices.

REAU CAMPBELL, general passenger agent of the Eufaula R. R., Montgomery, Ala., reports route managers arranging Southern tours to address him for rates, schedules, etc., between the towns he mentions in his card.

LICENSES.—The amendment to the laws regulating licenses in the State of Missouri, passed April 22 last, is as appended:

That section 1 of chapter 75 of the General Statutes, entitled "Of Circuses and Public Shows," be amended to read as follows: *Section 1.* The County Courts of the several counties in this State are hereby authorized to impose from time to time, by an order or orders, entered of record, such tax as they may deem proper and reasonable upon all public theatrical and minstrel performances, shows and circuses, or any other public exhibition in said several counties. Provided, that nothing in this section shall be so construed as to apply to any educational, religious or charitable exhibition.

AT A SPECIAL MEETING of Chicago Lodge, No. 4, D. D., Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, held Oct. 12, the following resolutions were submitted and approved:

That the thanks of this lodge be tendered to all the theatrical managers, lady and gentlemen volunteers, musicians, attaches, members of the press, and the friends of our lodge and order who so kindly assisted to make our first annual benefit an unqualified success. That a copy of these resolutions be inserted in the daily papers and THE NEW YORK CLIPPER as a small but sincere token of our high appreciation of their much esteemed efforts in our behalf. JOSEPH MACKIN, Exalted Ruler.

E. D. BAILEY, Secretary.

ALL SORTS.—Miss Isabella E. Freedley read at Wesleyan Hall, Boston, Oct. 11. She possesses a handsome face and an dramatic power.....The Bungan Tableaux are closing their season at Merrill Hall, Detroit.....Hon. Schuyler Colfax discourses upon "Abraham Lincoln" at Cleveland, Oct. 16.....Joseph L. Bates, ticket-agent of the Boston Museum, was last week presented with a diamond ring by the X Sons of Malta.....Miss Carrie Walker, a Southern reciter, made her first appearance in Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 10, at the Masonic Theatre.....William Noble, the English temperance leader, lectured on "Human Responsibility" at the Cooper Institute, New York, on Oct. 14.....Will Carleton straddled his "Golden Horse" in Wheaton, Ill., on Oct. 10. "Betsy" is "Out" at last.....Monsieur Pinguely, the well-known Cincinnati dancing master, reopened his school at the Lyric Gray's Hall on Oct. 15.....The Bellefontaine (O.) Brass Band and the Lawrence Cadets are to have a competitive musical and military tournament in that city one day in June for $500 prizes.....Mrs. Kate McGowan, who last year arrived in Saginaw, Mich., from Ireland, and became at first a Bible-reader there, and afterwards a laborer among the inmates of the jails and a lecturer in behalf of the Michigan Temperance Association, died in that city on Oct. 8, aged about thirty-eight years. She had fallen down stairs and fractured her skull.....Sidesh owmen, attention! Master Henry Huller of Texas stands six feet five inches, and, being but eighteen years old, will climb higher.....Mrs. Foss is reader to sick at her father's home in Vermont, and has canceled dates.....Miss Jennie E. Ireson, another reader, has been engaged as teacher of elocution at the State Normal School, Framingham, Mass., and also at the Lasell Institute, Boston.....Capt. Chas. Oliver of London, Eng., is to begin a course of lectures in Wesleyan Hall, Boston, Oct. 15.—"Nelson," "Napoleon," "Wellington" and "The Indian Mutiny." He was formerly in the British Army.....Mrs. Scott-Siddons has been reading "Helen's Babies" in Melbourne, Australia.....Francis Murphy will wring tears from liquor-dealers at the Titusville (Pa.) Opera-house Oct. 29.....Prof. Munder opens a dancing school at the Petrolia (Pa.) Opera-house to-night.....Theodore Thomas has leased the Bellevue House, Cincinnati, and opened it on Oct. 14 with two concerts by the Cincinnati Orchestra.....The "Panorama of the St. John, N. B., Fire" began operations in Eastport, Me., Oct. 12.

AMATEUR.

THE MCCULLOUGH DRAMATIC COMPANY gave a performance of "Virginius" in Kennedy Hall, Boston, Mass., Oct. 11, with M. D. Gillfeather as Virginius, J. F. Kiernan as Appius Claudius, and Violet Leslie as Virginia.

THE DAVENPORT CLUB of Cincinnati, O., performed "Clouds" at Pike's Opera-house, that city, Oct. 11, in the presence of a full house. "Time and the Hour" is to be given 18.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

THE COURT THEATRE, London, was to have reopened Oct. 6, with Lord Lytton's posthumous play, "The House of Darnley," the last act of which has been written by Charles F. Coghlan.

JAMES TAYLOR has assumed the management of the Holborn Amphitheatre, London, and was to have opened it Oct. 6.

MISS KATE RAYMOND and O. B. Collins closed a week's engagement at the Theatre Royal, Leeds, Sept. 29. "The Waifs of New York" was the attraction.

HARRY WRIGHT, pantomimist, late of Fred Evans' troupe, died in England Sept. 21, after a lingering illness, aged 44.

MUSICAL.

FANNY WYNDHAM (Madame Federico Lablache), who sang minor parts at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, about thirty years ago, and afterwards taught singing in Paris, died in the latter city Oct. 1. She was the mother of Luigi Lablache of the Adelphi Theatre.

THE NEW "comedy opera" by Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan will be produced at the Opera Comique, in Paris, during the first week of November. The enterprise is a sort of joint affair, G. B. Allen on behalf of himself and wife, Alice May, putting down a certain sum, and D'Oyly Carte being the manager. Miss Alice May will be the prima-donna and Mr. Chatterton the chief tenor.

THE DEATHS are announced at Lausanne of Hoesell, a composer and indefatigable conductor of choral societies, and at Paris of Mlle. Stignani, a concert vocalist.

AN ITALIAN OPERA TROUPE has just been formed at Milan for Calcutta.

THE AUTUMN SEASON of Italian opera, under Mr. Mapleson's management, will commence at Her Majesty's Theatre, in London, Nov. 5, and will probably last six weeks, coming to a termination on Dec. 16.

VARIETY HALLS.

THE WHITE WHALE which was exhibited at the Coney Island Aquarium the past Summer arrived at Southampton, Eng., Sept. 25, in charge of Messrs. Coup and Reiche, and was conveyed thence by rail to London, where it was placed in the large tank at the Aquarium on the following day. This is the first specimen of the kind ever exhibited in England. During the passage across the Atlantic on board the steamship Oder, the whale occupied a long, rough wooden box, lined with sea-weed, and day and night the whale and weed were wetted every three minutes with salt water. It suffered considerably during the voyage.

ALEXANDRINI "the Wonder" has been astonishing the patrons of the New Star Music Hall, Liverpool, Eng., by her performances on the high trapeze, etc.

MISS ELLA WENNER, who is engaged at the Strand, London, was announced to shortly sing a new war song by G. W. Hunt, appearing in ladies' costume.

AMUSEMENTS.

GRAND REOPENING
OF GILMORE'S GARDEN,
A GREAT FALL EVENT.
GLORIOUS INAUGURATION
of the
MOST MAGNIFICENT SHOW
EVER EXHIBITED IN NEW YORK,
AND FIRST SEASON HERE
of
THE GREAT LONDON CIRCUS
AND SANGER'S BRITISH MENAGERIE,
A Combination of Royal Splendor surpassing in elegance anything ever previously seen!
MONDAY EVENING, OCT. 22,
MONDAY EVENING, OCT. 22,
MONDAY EVENING, OCT. 22
An Overwhelming Array of Special and Superb Features!
A World of Glittering Wonders! Arenic Splendors eminently new to New Yorkers! An Entire Colony of Famous Foreign Artists! Special Debut in the Metropolis of the Giants of the Profession!
MME. ELIZA DOCKRILL!
the Phenomenal Four-horse Bareback and Hurdle-racer!
with over 100 other performers equally renowned!
A MIGHTY MENAGERIE!
including Dens of Performing Tigers! Lions! Leopards! and Panthers! Ten Ponderous Elephants!
10,000 OTHER ATTRACTIONS!
MATINEES DAILY FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.
A MAGNIFICENT GOLDEN CHARIOT STREET PARADE
SATURDAY, OCT. 20. 30-1t

THEATRE COMIQUE, 514 Broadway.
HARRIGAN & HART.....Proprietors
H. W. DIXEY.....Manager
HARRIGAN AND HART in THE BLUE AND GRAY QUILTER AND GOLDRICH in Character Songs and Dances.
BARLOW BROTHERS in their Double Jig.
FERGUSON AND MACK
in original Irish Specialties.
THE MOROSCO FAMILY,
the renowned Gymnasts.
FAYETTE WELCH, ARCHIE HUGHES,
the famous Ethiopian Duettists.
ALF BURNETT and MISS HELEN NASH.
MISS CLARA MOORE, the Queen of Song.
WILL H. MORTON, the Refined Comique.
CHARLES DIAMOND, the Milanese Minstrel.
CHARLEY BANKS as the Old Maid.
Prof. A. W. SAWYER'S DOG LIVINGSTON.
WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY MATINEES. 30-1t

THE NEW ADELPHI THEATRE, cor. Division avenue and South Fifth street, Brooklyn, E. D. MERCHANT & HINDS, sole Lessees and Proprietors. JIM CAMPBELL, Manager. Grand opening Saturday, Oct. 20. First-class artists in every branch of the profession can secure open dates at a reasonable salary, by addressing as above. 30-1t

BROADWAY THEATRE.
AIMEE SEASON.
LAST WEEK (but two) OF THE AIMEE OPERA-BOUFFE SEASON.
Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings and at the matinee Saturday, only times of Lecocq's most successful work, LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT.
Tuesday and Thursday evenings Offenbach's ever popular opera, LA GRANDE DUCHESSE.
In active rehearsal, LE PETIT FAUST. 30-1t

FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE.
OPERA.
Lessee and Manager.....MR. STEPHEN FISKE
FIRST NIGHT OF THE SEASON, Monday, Oct. 15, the FISKE ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY
will produce (FIRST TIME in English)
"A SUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM."
Miss Emelie Melville, Miss Ada Neilson, Messrs. C. H. Turner, Henry Peakes, J. J. Benitz and Wm. Castle.
Box-office 8 A. M. to 10 P. M. Usual scale of prices. 30-1t

COLUMBIA OPERA-HOUSE,
Corner West Twelfth street and Greenwich avenue,
NEW YORK CITY.
NOTICE TO THE PROFESSION.—The above is no longer a variety theatre, but is devoted to the production of Sensational Drama, Opera-bouffe and Burlesques. Variety artists will please consider silence a polite negative. WANTED—a few good, useful DRAMATIC AND BURLESQUE ARTISTS for the season.
30-4t-tf J. BERRY, Manager, as above.

BOWERY THEATRE.
MR. J. W. MEATH.....Manager
MONDAY, OCT. 15, engagement of the great scout and actor
TEXAS JACK
and his great combination, including MORLACCHI, BIG BUCKSHOT, DONALD MCKAY, and Indians, in their thrilling sensation drama of SCOUTS OF THE PLAINS, preceded by the farce THRICE MARRIED. OPEN DATES TO STARS with good attraction. 30-1t*

PARK THEATRE.
HENRY E. ABBEY.....Lessee and Manager
SECOND MONTH
of the
CRUSHED TRAGEDIAN,
SOTHERN.
MR. DE LACY FITZALTAMONT
hasn't been "so much laughed at since he played Othello."
"She's mine!" "I have her under my thumb!" "Crushed again!" "Have you a little more or soft music about you?" "It's twenty years since I have been in a bank!" "We never drink before dinner!" "Would you prefer taking me in sections?" "She's mine!!!"
EVERY NIGHT AT 8, AND SATURDAY MATINEE AT 2.
BOX-OFFICE OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

BROOKLYN VOLKS' GARDEN.
HYDE & BEHMAN.....Proprietors
MONDAY, OCTOBER 15,
SENATOR FRANK BELL,
HUBERT AND GLIDDEN, EDITH LYLE,
MORRIS AND FIELDS, LOU EDWARDS,
WALTER WENTWORTH,
LEW AND LENA COLE,
E. D. GOODING,
ARTISTS, ADDRESS AS ABOVE.
30-1t*

NATIONAL VARIETIES,
Corner 49th st. and 8th ave., opposite 8th ave. R. R. Depot.
WM. REHSEN.....Manager
F. A. MCCLANE.....Stage-manager
Open all the year. Good talent can always get a date. Salary must be low, as it is sure.
N. B.—All letters answered. 30-1t*

COMIQUE.
THOS. THEALL & J. E. CARTON.....MANAGERS
FIRST-CLASS
TALENT,
ADDRESS
AS ABOVE.
SILENCE
A POLITE
NEGATIVE.
30-1t*

TONY PASTOR'S. TONY PASTOR'S.
MATINEES
TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.
HOUSES CROWDED.
THE ONLY THEATRE IN NEW YORK THAT TURNS PEOPLE AWAY.
THE TUDORS, ALGEBRAME URABE, GUS WILLIAMS, DELEHANTY & HENGLER, WATSON & ELLIS, HARRY & CARROLL, FIELDS & HOEY, MISS ALICE BENNETT, THE TWIN SISTERS, MISS JENNIE SATTERLEE, FRANK GIRARD.
TONY PASTOR
AND ALL HIS REGIMENT OF RENOWNED SPECIALTY STARS.
SEATS SECURED FOR ANY REPRESENTATION ONE WEEK IN ADVANCE.
CARRIAGES MAY BE ORDERED AT 10:40. 30-1t

BRYANT'S OPERA-HOUSE,
Nos. 724 and 730 Broadway, opposite New York Hotel.
CROWDED HOUSES. TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS.
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS,
under the management of NEIL BRYANT. First week of the laughable burlesques entitled HELEN'S BABIES, and LOVE IN A TUB, by HUGHEY DOUGHERTY. LITTLE MAC, MACKIN AND WILSON, and DAVE REED. Every evening at 8 and Saturday matinee at 2. Popular prices, 25, 50 and 75cts. Matinees, 25 and 50cts. 30-1t

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
MR. WM. J. FLEMING.....Manager
Engagement of the celebrated American actor
MR. JOSEPH PROCTOR,
who will appear in his great original character of
THE JIBBENAINOSAY
as played by him over 3,000 times in America and Great Britain. Another grand production. New scenery by Heister, costumes by Eaves, mechanism by Leo, and properties by Smith. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. 1*

COLUMBIA OPERA-HOUSE,
COR. W. 127TH STREET AND GREENWICH AVENUE.
"HIDDEN PASSION."
ALL NEW NOVELTIES INTRODUCED.
FIRST-CLASS ARTISTS ALWAYS WANTED.
Also
UTILITY LADIES.....CORYPHEES, ETC.
Address JAKE BERRY,
30 41-tf Manager.

HOLMAN ENGLISH-OPERA TROUPE.
SEASON 1877-78.
MR. GEORGE HOLMAN.....Proprietor
MRS HARRIET HOLMAN.....Musical Directress
MR. LUCIEN BARNES.....Manager
The only Opera Company giving STANDARD OPERAS AND OPERA-BOUFFE AT POPULAR PRICES.
MISS SALLIE HOLMAN,
America's Favorite Prima-donna.
MISS JULIA HOLMAN,
Prima Contralto.
Supported by a Superb Company and Full Chorus, etc.
ROUTE: Hamilton, Oct. 1, one week; Erie, Pa., 8 and 9; Titusville, 10; Oil City, 11; Parkers, 12; Petrolia, 13; Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 15, one week.
For open dates and terms for this complete Opera Company address, as per route,
24-13t* LUCIEN BARNES, Manager

HOLD THE FORT.
WANTED IMMEDIATELY,
A COMPLETE ORCHESTRE, FOR THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.
(NON-SOCIETY MEN PREFERRED.)
Must all play brass. Address
GEO. A. FLORANCE, Musical Director,
30-1t No. 4 West 13th street, New York City.

THE NEW YORK GAYETY
HARLEM, NEW YORK CITY.
L. F. PAAS.....Manager.
JOHN PENDY.....Director.
THE "UP-TOWN" FAMILY VARIETY THEATRE.
Crowded houses attest our popularity. First-class artists in all branches. Lady specialists particularly wanted immediately. N. B.—Silence a respectful negative. 30-1t

EGYPTIAN HALL,
Thirty-fourth street and Third avenue.
THE LEADING UP-TOWN VARIETY THEATRE.
Houses crowded to the doors at every performance.
LARGE, FIRST-CLASS VARIETY AND BURLESQUE COMPANY, SPECIALTY ARTISTS, SENSATIONAL STARS with good burlesques or light comedies suitable for afternoons, BALLET LADIES and GOOD GENERAL PERFORMERS, WANTED AT ALL TIMES. Address
26-1t*tf J. CHAS. DAVIS, Manager.

THE NEW AMERICAN MUSEUM,
103 AND 105 BOWERY.
NEVER BEFORE ON EXHIBITION.
NEW! NEW! NEW! NEW!
AFRICAN
NEW! NEW!
LEOPARD
NEW! NEW!
BOY.
NEW! NEW! NEW! NEW!
THE MARVEL OF HUMAN MARVELS.
Museum filled with living wonders. Thousands of Curiosities.
WANTED—
NOVELTIES!
ODDITIES!
CURIOSITIES!
G. B. BUNNELL,
30-1t* Proprietor.

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.
Opera-house, Broadway and 29th street.
The family resort. Reopened with screams nightly. First week of the new comedy, dramatized from the work entitled
HELEN'S BABIES,
HELEN'S BABIES,
HELEN'S BABIES,
HELEN'S BABIES,
BY THEIR LATEST VICTIM.
SEATS SECURED. 30-1t* MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2.

FEMALE TALENT WANTED
immediately. Serio-comic Singers and Dancers, for long engagements. Address (or call on Stage-manager evenings after 8 o'clock) Harry Hill's Theatre, cor. Houston and Crosby streets, N. Y. 30-1t*

ABERLE'S
TIVOLI THEATRE,
8th st., bet. 2d and 3d ave.,
THE LARGEST AND BEST VARIETY COMPANY IN THE CITY
75 First-class Stars. 75
BALLET, OLIO,
GYMNASTICS, PANTOMIME,
THE ONLY
LEGITIMATE MUSIC HALL
NONE BUT
RECOGNIZED ARTISTS EMPLOYED.
PERFORMERS DESIRING ENGAGEMENTS,
27-1t*tf ADDRESS AS ABOVE.

Grand Opera-house
POOLE & DONNELLY.....Lessees and Managers
The most magnificent theatre in America.
NOW OPEN
FOR SEASON OF 1877 AND '78.
STARS AND
FIRST-CLASS COMBINATIONS
address
POOLE & DONNELLY,
32-tf GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, New York.

OLYMPIC THEATRE
622 BROADWAY 624.
DIRECTOR.....THOMAS CANARY
BUSINESS-MANAGER.....GEO. H. TYLER
STAGE-MANAGER.....JAS. S. MAFFITT
ENORMOUS SUCCESS.
EVERYBODY CRAZED WITH DELIGHT.

LYRICS OF THE CITY.—NO. I.

SLIPPERY BOB:

With an Account of His Meeting with Andrew Jackson Green.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

In Jersey's innermost recesses,
Remote from any wicked city,
Where simple nature richly blesses
The rustic dwellers, once resided
The hero of this modest ditty.
His name, on which he greatly prided
Himself, was Andrew Jackson Green—
A farmer, awkward, lank and lean,
Whose knowledge was of that biscolle kind
Which nowhere, save in Jersey, can you find.

It happened once that Andrew paid a visit—
The first in all his life, and he was forty—
To the metropolis, and therefore is it
Surprising that at ways so strange and naughty
Our Jersey friend should be somewhat amazed?
He wandered through the crowded streets and gazed
At all he saw in honest wonder,
Exclaiming, now and then: "By thunder!"

In front of Trinity's high, jagged steeple,
He stood, towards evening, staring at the people
Who hurried by him in their rush uptown,
When suddenly at his elbow said: "Ah, Brown!
Upon my soul I am delighted!"
The Jerseyman looked down and sighted
A dapper little fellow with crava'
Of deepest crimson, and a lofty hat
Of glossy silk. His clothes were "nobby,"
And when he gave his name 'twas "Mr. Mallory."
Although his picture which adorned the Gallery
Of Rogues was labeled "Slippery Bobby"—
The why, the wherefore, and the application
I leave to others for an explanation.

"I guess," said Andrew J., "that you're mistaken;
My name aint Brown, it's Green"—
The stranger seized his hand, and having shaken
That horny member, cordially exclaimed:
"Of course! I did not mean
To call you Brown—a fellow can't be blamed
For slips of tongue like that—you're Mr. Green
From ——" "Collinsville, New Jersey," added Andrew.
"Exactly!" cried the stranger. "When I ran through
The town of Collinsville, not long ago,
I met you." Andrew stared. "Now, did you, though?"

To tell the process by which Slippery Bob
Made friends with Green would be a tedious job;
Suffice it, therefore, simply to relate
That arm-in-arm they started up Broadway,
And drank together, after which they ate
Some oysters, stewed, for which the right to pay
Was claimed by Green, who seemed a trifle mellow,
And kept declaring Bob "a darned good fellow!"

An hour thus was passed, when Bob proceeded
To play his little game. He said he needed
Some ready money, which, if Green would lend
Him, he would give security in gold;
And thereupon he showed his Jersey friend
The yellow coin, most tempting to behold.
To this request our rustic friend complied,
And purchased sixty dollars' worth of gold,
The which, I hardly need explain, was "smide,"
And would not fetch a nickel if 'twere sold.

The business over, Bob expressed his sorrow
To leave his friend—he'd see him on the morrow;
But Green insisted on a drink, and so
They entered a saloon. Our Jersey friend
Was drunk, and Bob concluded he would throw
Him off by getting him upon his end—
That is, as breaking from him wasn't handy,
He'd fill him up with brain-destroying brandy.

Precisely how it happened is a mystery,
But somehow Bob, in carrying out his plan,
Imbibed himself too much. (You see that history
Repeats itself, and very often when a man
Sets out to get another tipsy,
Into that same condition slips he)
And so it was with Mr. Slippery Bob.
He found the priming of his prey a job
Too Herculean for his alcoholic powers—
That Green imbibed more cocktails, straights and sours
Than any man who ever drank before.
While Bob went sound asleep upon the floor!

And when he woke 'twas one o'clock precisely;
The Jerseyman was gone; the place deserted;
And Bob, who'd fleeced the verdant Green so nicely,
Rose up, considerably disconcerted,
To find that he had lost his evil-gotten gain,
Together with his wallet, his lever watch and chain.
A scrap of paper, lying on the stand,
Contained what follows, in a scrawling hand:
"The subscriber has departed for his home in Collinsville,
And he wishes for to state to you that he has squared the bill
And taken for sale keeping them greenbacks which he lent
For that ere gold, which wasn't gold to any great extent!
And he merely would suggest for you to bear this here in mind—
When next you meet a Jerseyman don't try to drink him blind,
Nor cherish the delusion that you're captured a sardine,
Because you meet a chap whose name is Andrew Jackson Green!"

CORELLA CORELLI---HER LIFE DRAMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CHARLOTTE M. STANLEY.

But love is strong as death, jealousy is cruel as the grave;
The coals thereof are a consuming fire, that hath a most vehement flame!—CANTICLES.

"Ting!" Hark! That's the curtain-bell! There is a movement—a hush among the audience—a lull of the music in the orchestra. "Ting-ting!" The curtain rises slowly to a soft, bewildering strain. Then a sudden crash, a glorious outburst of sweet sounds, and there bounds upon the stage a creature radiant as the sunshine, young, fresh, fair, buoyant as thistle-down; vivid and glowing with rich color, like some splendid tropical bird, or soft, warm, crimson as the heart of a brilliant-hued flower. Aha! It is I, Senorita Corella Corelli! "The Incomparable!" "The Divine!" "The Beautiful Butterfly!" *Ma foi*, the papers call me so. *Mesdames et messieurs*, I kiss my hands to you, and throw you kisses, for which you throw me bouquets back until I stand in a fragrant heap of flowers. Aha, but I am favored! I am young—my life is glorious—I am happy! Which of you women in the audience yonder would not be glad to change places with me? *I* would not change with the richest and proudest of you all. I am all life, all joy—like the birds, like the flowers, like the sunshine! You think me vain—an egotist—to speak so? Ah, bah! Why should we not speak true? Do I not know that I am beautiful? I have my mirror, and—men's eyes! And eyes speak truth. Tongues lie sometimes, but eyes are truthful ever! And the eyes speak nothing but praise to me, for I am the rage of the town. What do I say? 'Tis of the past I am thinking. I *was* the rage, the beauty, the fashion. *Mon Dieu!* Ten years ago, ten years ago!

Am I French? you ask. Not at all. Italian, perhaps? Not much that, either. I was born in New Orleans. I never knew a father. My mother, poor soul, she was beautiful, and—a slave. She has been dead these many years. May she rest in peace! He who raised me—training me to be a dancer—taught me to speak a kind of broken English that has grown second nature to me now. He thought it more effective for the stage. Was it so really? Perhaps; I cannot tell. Only eighteen years old that night when I danced with footsteps as light as my heart-beats; and yet both heart and feet were light for the last time. It was because of my light footfall that I came—without seeking it—upon them unawares, and saw him—the man *I* loved—try the ring upon her finger, and saw her golden head thrown back against his breast, while he, bending over, pressed a kiss upon her lips—a kiss for which *I* would have given my soul. They never saw me. I slipped around the wing, and sank upon a chair, and fought hard against my jealous misery; presently a hand was on my shoulder, a voice—oh, how kind, how sweet! O Carlo *mia!* when were you ever aught but kind to me? A dear voice asked: "What ails thee, Corella?" And I made answer, starting to my feet, and stretching forth my arms to him in agony:

"You love her—that Blanche—you will marry her?"

A look of grieved surprise came into his handsome face, so good, so true. Ah, it is so, doubtless, that angels look!

"Little sister," he began.

But I stopped him. What did I say? I know not. I was mad—that one word "sister" crazed me. *I* to be his *sister*, and another one his *wife*—oh, misery!

There had never been word of love between us. He was too noble to wrong me, or deceive. His thoughts of me had been of friendship only; but *I* loved *him*—I loved him with my whole passionate heart, and he called *me* "Little sister!"

And this pale, simple girl had been his betrothed for years, he told me. Poverty had kept them asunder, but now he had made himself a position in the profession, had obtained an engagement for her in the same company—better prospects smiled upon them, and they would be married very soon. All this he told me as he took me home—*she* was not through yet; he was going back for her—and he grieved for my grief and strove to comfort me.

"You are so young and beautiful, my child, with such fair prospects lying bright before you you will forget this fancy—'tis *but* a fancy, Cora—and be happy, some day, in a worthier love than mine."

I held some roses in my hand that had been given me as I left the theatre. I crushed them, with a sudden grasp, into a shapeless heap, and let the torn leaves shower from my fingers to the ground. The blood fell with hem where the thorns had pierced.

"When these dead roses live again I shall forget," I replied. "Not until then."

We were standing just inside the threshold of my room, the rose-leaves lying scattered around our feet.

"My life is like those flowers," I cried. "A moment since bright, beautiful and precious; and now—worthless, ruined! Would to God that I could end it as easily as I can crush rose!"

He caught me in his arms.

"Child! child!" was all he said; but I cast my arms around his neck and sobbed upon his bosom.

"Kiss me once!" I cried to him. "You have never kissed me. Your lips will be hers for evermore—let them be mine to-night."

Was it wicked? I did not mean it so. I had no thought of sin—no thought of anything but love and bitter grief. And yet sin came of it; but he was not to blame. I was the temptress—as woman has been from the beginning.

Six months later he married her. O God! how did I live through that day? He was my lover, but he married her. I had contrived to put the wedding off from time to time, by tears, by prayers. I thought if Heaven would grant me the fulfillment of one hope, so that I might say to him upon my bended knees, "For our child's sake, let me be your wife!" all would be well; but I hoped and prayed in vain.

And so I lost him, for whose dear sake I lost all. Never again my lover, her husband now, he went away with her, and I was left alone—hopeless, loveless, childless, and worse than widowed. I had brooded so over the thought and hope of a child—his child, my darling's child!—that now, when I realized that the hope was void and vain I found my life was desolate. My baby! its blue eyes, its little rings of soft, gold hair, its tiny hands, and dove-like, cooing voice. I had pictured it to myself such countless times. Could it be that, after all, it had never had actual existence? I seemed to have possessed it, nursed it in my arms. Alas, it was but a dream, of which the memory alone remained to torture me. No child would ever call *me* "Mother." I must go lonely to my grave! While *she*—that other, happier woman, whom he had made his wife—was soon to be a mother also. When first I heard it, it drove me mad!

The hate of hell burned in my heart against them—against her and her child, I mean. Not for him—never for him! I loved him ever! I laid my plans, I changed my name, I made all my arrangements very quietly. Next season, when all the theatres opened, I had an engagement in the same company as Carlo and his wife. They were very uneasy at first; I could see that. She had been jealous of me of old, and he was half afraid of my influence over him; but I was so careful, so prudent, so cold, that presently I disarmed their fears. Poor fools! poor, simple fools!

The baby was three months old. I had not seen it—there was time enough; the season was to last ten months—the child should be ten months before that time was over. "What for?" *Parbleu!* what can I tell? A woman will do strange things when she is angry—when she is crazed with jealousy and hunger of the soul. *I* had no child! Then why should *she* be so much richer? My child had been denied existence. Why should hers live? But when at last I saw it—oh, the change! It was *my* baby—the child of my fond, vain, idle dreams that were never fulfilled. There were the blue eyes and glossy rings of hair, the tiny dimpling hands and heavenly smile. Great Heavens! she had my child as well as my lover—it was too much!

I had been very patient hitherto, but patience was over now. Six months I had waited without even seeing the child, but the moment I did see it I felt as if I could not wait another day; I longed so to possess it, to devour it with kisses, to fold it close in my so long empty arms, to my so long hungry heart! But she watched it well. Do you think it was an easy matter to take that baby away? I did not find it so; nevertheless I succeeded at last. I contrived to win the nurse-girl's liking; that was easy enough. I boarded in the same house as my enemy. A flower, a ribbon, a little flattering word now and then—these trifles were enough to please her. I never took any special notice of the child. I dared not trust myself. Once only I put my lips to its tiny hand. Ah, Heaven! the warm, sweet, velvet touch, how it thrilled to my desolate soul!

My mind was so much absorbed in my plans, I was so constantly watching for an opportunity to put them into execution, that I never once noticed how people began to talk about me. They found me absent, distrait, preoccupied. Sometimes, they said, I laughed and muttered to myself—sometimes, on being spoken to, I seemed to neither hear nor answer. One day a whisper reached me: "Corella is going mad!" Ha, ha, ha, ha! I laughed out long and loud—it makes me laugh, even now, to think of it! Mad! The dull idiots! *I?* Corella Corelli? Not one among them had plans so clear, purpose so firm, brain so intensely active. Only I could *not* control a curious trouble and disturbance in my thoughts, an inclination to forget my real surroundings, and laugh and talk and sing to the child—*my* child, that I was forever fancying in my arms—my child, that I had been cheated of so vilely and so long, but that was so soon to be my own—all mine forever!

It was the opening night of a great star. I was out of the bill, but my enemy went to the theatre early, leaving the babe at home. Here was the chance I had waited for. I watched her and Carlo from my window till they were out of sight, then I went to their room.

"Nellie," said I, "here are tickets for the theatre. Shouldn't you like to go to-night?"

The girl's eyes sparkled.

"Oh, indeed I should, ma'am," cried she. "But what would I do with the baby?"

Then I persuaded her. Why not take the child along? Well wrapped up, it could take no harm, and her mistress need never even know. I tempted the simple creature with glowing descriptions of the wonders she would see, and in the end she went, with my darling asleep in her arms. Then I hastened to a certain house where I had secured a room. I disguised myself completely, put on a thick veil, and went to the theatre too. One hour later I returned, half wild with joy. What words can paint the rapture of that hour? At last I had my baby in my arms. I laid it down upon the bed and fell on my knees beside it. I kissed its hands, its lovely eyes, its little rosy feet. I wept and cried aloud, thanking God for so much happiness. The woman who stood by me, who was to have the charge of it, wept with me for very sympathy and pity. I told her it had been stolen from me long ago—oh, I was cunning!—I told a simple, touching story. My enemies would try hard to get it back, I said; but she must hide it—must guard it night and day.

"For it is *mine*!" I cried. "It is mine—mine—mine!" and I knelt and called on God to witness it. She never doubted me.

"'Tis easy seen you are its mother," she said. "None but the mother would take on over it so."

I flung my arms around her and kissed and blessed her for the words. Then I tore myself away. It was necessary to show myself at the theatre, in order to disarm suspicion. I went there, and remained long enough for all to see me; then I went home to the hotel.

When my enemy found that the child was gone, the outcry that she made was such that you would have deemed there had never been an infant lost in the world before. The nurse had come home half dead with fear, and flung herself down at her mistress' feet, with some wild story about a strange old woman with black eyes and snow-white hair, who had asked to hold the baby for a moment; and how she, its nurse, being absorbed in the interest of the play, had taken no special notice of her till the curtain fell, and then the old woman had disappeared, taking the infant with her.

The hotel was in confusion—one might have supposed there had been a murder, or a fire. Doors were standing open, with people all around them in whispering, pitying groups, some only half dressed, for it was after midnight; messengers ran to and fro, police-officers were questioning the frightened, weeping nurse; a doctor elbowed through the crowd, hastily summoned to my enemy, whose agonizing screams rang through the house until my blood ran cold to hear them; they pierced my brain, they thrilled my heart, my soul; I stopped my ears lest I should pity her—I, who had suffered as she was suffering now—nay, more cruelly; for when she stole from me my heart's idol and treasure my agony was the bitterer for that I bore it and made no sign.

Of all strange mysteries of our human nature I think maternal instinct is most wonderful. Not the least particle of evidence pointed to me, no breath of suspicion connected my name with her misfortune, and yet that wretched mother *knew* who it was that had stolen her child!

She sent her husband to me—once more we were alone together, Carlo and I. At the sight of him—*there*, in my room—I had sunk down in a chair, quite overcome. The strange sense of trouble in my brain oppressed me more than it had ever done before. The memory of the past was on me, confusing the present. I knew not which was the reality, which the dream. Was Carlo faithful, and the child my very own? Had all the pain and anguish of my desolate heart been but an evil fancy of the brain? He was speaking, but I could not listen. I could only gaze at him, wondering and bewildered; he knelt before my chair, and, in his earnestness, caught both my hands in his—ah, how many, many times had he knelt by me so! The real present faded altogether from my mind—the past came back—he was my lover once more! A blissful sense of happiness stole o'er me; I put my arms about his neck, and laid my cheek upon his sunny hair; I was about to tell him of our child ——

What fools are men! Especially when they have to deal with women! He started from my arms as if a snake had clasped him, and, looking down upon me with a stern, pale face, bade me remember his wife! Ha, ha, ha, ha! His wife—Carlo's wife—the woman who claimed my child! Ah, it was well that he reminded me! I had forgotten her—forgotten all my wrongs—another moment and he would have known where to find my darling! Nay, even still he might have known it if he had been wise. I loved you so, Carlo, heart of my life, that had you but asked *in your own name*, I could have denied you nothing! But he prayed me—*me*—"to have pity on *his wife!*"—me, whom he had abandoned, whose true heart he had broken for her sake!

It is all like looking back on a troubled dream. I cannot remember clearly. Did I see the mother prostrate at my feet, with her white face of agony upraised to Heaven, praying the curse of God to fall on the wretch who had stolen her child, or did they only tell me of her ravings? What matter now? But it tortured me to have her grieve so for *my* baby. Had she not her husband? Was not that enough? Insatiable woman! Could not Carlo's love control you? Must nothing at all be mine?

Weeks went wearily by. I dared not even visit my hidden treasure. Carlo suspected me, and had me watched by the police. How I laughed, alone in my room! I knew I could baffle them all! One only might have been too cunning for me, but she was delirious with brain fever. Poor wretch! how I pitied and despised her—sick when she most needed to be wise and well, weak and helpless when she should have been most strong!

At last the season closed, and the company drifted wide asunder. For five years I lived in peace and saw my enemy no more.

* * * * * * *

Those five years had wrought a change in me. I passed for a widow, with a lovely little boy of six years old. A silent, quiet woman, living my own reserved life, and seeking no companion but the child. No one at the theatre ever knew where I really lodged; and as I dressed alone, and was engaged only to dance between the pieces, I had really nothing to do with the regular actors, who, finding me unsociable, left me pretty much alone, as seemed to suit my humor. In this way the gossip of the theatre seldom reached my ears, and so it happened that I was ignorant of certain contemplated changes in the company; and, coming down to the treasury one morning, and strolling round idly with my boy to the stage, I came quite suddenly, and without a word or thought of warning, upon the woman whom I had robbed of her child! The shock almost killed me. I stood, stunned and mute, staring at her, unable to think or move. A great, unreasoning fear of her possessed me—a horror, as if she had been a ghost. She was greatly changed. He face was sad and stern, and looked the whiter for her dead-black dress. There were lines of pain and sorrow round her mouth, which no longer wore its perpetual happy smile; her eyes, too, were faded, as with tears; and though her fair, bright hair was slow to show a change, I saw the silver tarnishing the gold. For all that, there was certain air of calm and quiet strength about her, and my fear grew on me as I realized that this *woman* would be more difficult to deal with than the girl of other days. She had not seen me. I might have stolen away unnoticed, perhaps; but suddenly my little Carl, with all a child's quick curiosity, exclaimed aloud:

"Oh, look, mamma—who's dat?"

And at the sound she turned and saw us both. She knew me. More, she knew the child. A loud, wild scream broke from her lips, and she sprang, with open arms, to seize him. But I was too quick. I flung him behind me, and he clung to my dress, hiding his face in terror. I put out my hands, grasping hers, to keep her back; and thus we two women stood, face to face, and hand to hand at last, watching each other with eyes of angry fire, and hearts full nigh to bursting with hatred and revenge. She broke the silence first. Flinging my hands away with a look of loathing, she said, with scorn and passion indescribable:

"Give back my child!"

It was a menace to a slave. It was a high command to a whipped cur. It set my blood on fire with rage and hate. I gazed into her white face and defied her.

"This child is *mine*!" I cried. People gathered round in fear and wonder. I addressed them, speaking boldly to them all: "She is crazed, this woman! The child she lost was a girl—let *my boy* himself decide between us. Say, then, my darling"—I dropped upon my knees beside the little angel—"is it that you will stay with me or go with her?"

Concerning that same wondrous instinct of the eternal heart I have heard it argued that God, when He created it, placed also in the spirit of the child a chord that responds always to the mother's voice. Secretly I trembled for my own test. But they are dreaming fools who say so—there's no such thing in nature!

"Carlo will stay with his own mamma," he answered, and laid his rosy cheek against my dress.

The woman started violently. Her lips grew ashy pale—the fire in her blue eyes burned red as blood.

"You have dared to name him by my husband's name?" she whispered hoarsely.

A thought flashed through my brain—a way to wound her. I raised my head defiantly.

"Why not?" I cried. "Your husband was his father!"

She uttered a cry, she made a movement towards me as if she would have killed my where I stood. I shrank from her, even I; but she controlled herself.

"Woman, you slander the dead!" was all she said.

All—but enough! It had been her turn to stab, and she had killed me! Dead! Carlo dead!

I turned, without another word, and led the child away, no one offering to stop me. I went to the theatre no more, and none knew where to find me. I put a black frock on the little one, and told it: "Your father is dead, my own." And I felt that my heart had broken at last, and my life was done, but I never shed a single tear.

"Carlo is dead! My Carlo is dead and buried!"

This I said over and over again to myself as I walked the floor the whole night long, and many and many a night. Sometimes I pictured how he had looked when he was dying—sometimes fancy showed him to me now, mouldering in his shroud? Ugh! The horror of that thought stung and goaded me afresh to action; and so I could not rest—night or day, body or brain, I could not rest. My sleepless eyeballs burned like fire, my brain ached wearily—strange voices sang and whispered in my ears—among them Carlo's voice. "Carlo is dead!" I cried aloud in anguish; but he answered me—aye, from out of his grave—"Corella is going mad!"

"Mad!" Was not that what they whispered long ago? And I laughed at them so! Ha, ha, ha, ha! It makes me laugh again—ha, ha, ha, ha! A joke! A very good joke! Carlo is dead, and I cannot weep for him, but I can laugh—oh, how merrily! To think that he should remember that in his grave! For—"Carlo is dead!" Hark! Do you hear him answer? "Corella is going mad!"

The church-bells—I recollect it all now; I came out of a terrible, black darkness at the sound of the church-bells; I could scarcely walk, I was so weak and worn; but I dragged myself to the church to pray for Carlo's soul. Alas! what a place for me! How many years since I had been here before? Long, long ago. Not since I was an innocent girl—not since that night when I cast my soul away—when I kissed Carlo's lips as I lay upon his breast. with tears now among the crushed and ruined roses. What did I do in the church? I saw you, good Father, standing at the altar, and heard you ask: "What is so strong and sweet and deep as the mercy and love of Christ?" Was it *I* who cried out, aloud and despairing: "Hatred is stronger! jealousy is stronger! and revenge—ah, revenge is sweeter far!" Carlo is dead indeed, and, being dead, speaks truly—"Corella is going mad!"

The child—where is the child? Ah, sweet, cling close around me. I have loved her well, Father, and it is for *her* dear sake I have made full confession. Yes, yes, she is my enemy's child. My enemy! Carlo is dead—*she* must have suffered too. I forgive! I forgive! Take back the babe. I forgive, as I would be forgiven!

"The wages of sin is death!" Who said those words? Pray for me, all kind souls; oh, pray for me—and Carlo! The wages of our sin is paid to him already, and for me, too, the end draws very near. Let Blanche take back her child—my little Carlo. So, I have made restitution; I have suffered. Forgive me, Heaven, "as we forgive—all those—who—trespass against ——"

How dark it grows! Ah, well! That's as it should be—when the play is played—the lights go—out—and then ——

Ring—ring down—the curtain!—all—all—the light has gone—dark! dark! The drama—of—Corella's life—is ended.

BREAKING THE NEWS GENTLY.

A miner whom we will call Hughes fell down a winze in one of the Comstock mines, several years ago, and was killed. His companions gathered up his remains, and, putting them in an express-wagon, started for his home. Another miner, a fine, good-hearted fellow, was sent on ahead to bear the sad news to the bereaved family. All the way along he was discussing with himself as to how he should tell the terrible story so as not to crush the unfortunate household: but he reached the house before having settled definitely upon his plan. Meeting Mrs. Hughes at the door, he accosted her in the usual manner of an acquaintance, and then said:

"Where's George to-day, Mrs. Hughes?"

"He's at work in the mine, as usual, thank you, sir," replied the woman.

"How is he feeling to-day?" was the next question. The news-bearer was becoming desperate. He was a brave man, who would not have feared a caving drift or a delayed blast, whose heart was so tender that he did not know how to tell a woman of her husband's death.

With some show of surprise Mrs. Hughes answered the last question: "About as well as he generally does, I believe."

The man was desperate, and not knowing what to say, he blurted out: "I'll bet you ten dollars he's dead, and here comes the body in a wagon."

He swallowed a big lump in his throat and wiped a piece of porphyry out of his left eye with his shirt sleeve. Afterwards, in talking over the matter with his comrades, he said it was the greatest trial he had ever experienced, and that hereafter when a man was killed they might call on somebody else to tell the news.—*Gold Hill News.*

Hood called the slamming of a door by an angry person "a wooden oath."

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

I.—Morning.

Past old gray mill and babbling brook,
Past woodland sweet with song,
Past reedy bank and sheltered nook,
They drifted slow along;
And they heard not the song of the bird or stream,
They saw not the sky was blue;
But that all was bright in the morning light,
They knew—they knew.

II.—Noon.

Through many a hazy mist of care,
Through noon-day toil well borne,
Through gladsome joys that both might share,
They drifted since the morn;
And they heeded not the briars and thorns
And weeds that round them grew;
But that hand in hand they still might stand,
They knew—they knew.

III.—Night.

Through lands aglow with sunsets bright,
Through vales of smiles and tears,
They passed—their scant locks gleaming white
With the whiteness of the years.
And they heeded not the Reaper's tread,
Nor felt that the night-wind blew;
But that hand in hand they e'er would stand,
They knew—they knew.

THE GEM OF THE SOUTH:

AND THE PRICE PAID FOR IT BY THE PAWNBROKER OF ESSEX SQUARE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY NICHOLAS NILES.

Jacob Hernstein was eminently a practical man. There was not a grain of sentiment in his composition; not a suspicion of sympathy in his nature. He looked upon the world very much as he looked upon the articles brought to his shop to pawn—things were either solid or plated. Jacob Hernstein wanted nothing to do with the plated. For the solids, he endeavored to get hold of them for one quarter of their value and to dispose of them for all they were worth.

This much by way of insight into Jacob Hernstein's character. Further it is necessary only to explain that he was a middle-aged Hebrew, with prominent nose, high, narrow forehead, a piercing black eye, and an inherited faculty for detecting gold from brass. This latter accomplishment applied not only to metals, but to men. Above all things, he prided himself on his ability to discern whether a person who applied to him for a loan had come honestly into possession of the article offered as security. When his instinct told him that the watch or jewel had been stolen, he refused to take the watch or jewel on any terms. Holding fast to this policy, he escaped the embarrassment into which others of his calling often fell. Nothing was ever found in Jacob Hernstein's shop which could be directly traced to a thief. The secret of this lay in that faculty which I have called inherited, and which enabled the pawnbroker of Essex square to distinguish gold from brass—in men.

On the forenoon of one blustering November day, Jacob Hernstein sat alone in his musty little shop reading a newspaper. He had locked up his safe for the night and turned down the gas to a dim flame. It lacked only ten minutes to seven, the hour at which the law compelled Jacob to close his shop. He sat, therefore, prepared to obey the law, and likewise prepared—while the law permitted—to engage in business. He improved the opportunity, without wasting gas, to read the newspaper. While he thus sat, the street door opened and a man entered the room. Jacob straightway laid aside his newspaper, rose up from his chair and took his position behind the counter.

"Mr. Hernstein, I believe?" said the man.

"Dat ish my name," replied Jacob. "Vat can I do for you?"

The man glanced about him suspiciously, and then rejoined, in a subdued tone:

"We are alone, are we?"

"Ve vas entirely alone," answered Jacob.

The man thrust his hand into an inner pocket of his coat and drew out a small package. Removing several layers of paper, he produced a jewel-box elaborately inlaid with pearl, opened it, and revealed a diamond. It was a diamond which caused Jacob Hernstein to open his eyes in wonder. It was such a diamond as he had read of, but never seen. His practiced eye detected at once its absolute purity and great value. He guessed its weight at twenty carats. It was magnificently cut and of the first water. When the man removed it from the box and held it up to the light, it flashed and glared with a glory which seemed to illuminate the whole room. Jacob Hernstein drew in a long breath, and his dark eyes gleamed with a strange fire. But he did not permit his admiration to take form in speech. He waited, with apparent indifference, until the stranger should make known his business.

"What do you think of that?" asked the man, glancing from the gem to the pawnbroker's face.

"How much did you vant on it?" returned Jacob cautiously. He had been studying the stranger as well as admiring the diamond. He had reached the conclusion that the former was plated—in other words, that he had come into possession of the precious stone dishonestly.

"How much do I want?" repeated the man slowly. "Have you any idea of the value of this stone?"

He handed the case to Jacob as he spoke, and the latter examined the diamond critically.

"Vell, it may have cost five thousan' dollars," he said at last.

The stranger laughed derisively.

"If you can find another like it for twice that sum, I will give it to you as a present."

"How much did you vant on it?" repeated Jacob, averse to engaging in any argument.

"There is not money enough in the world to induce me to part with that stone!" replied the stranger.

Mr. Hernstein laid down the case and looked at the clock. It wanted but five minutes of the time for closing his shop. If any loan was to be effected it must be done at once.

"How much does you vant on it?" he asked for the third time, fixing his dark eyes on the stranger's face.

"I want no money," replied the man. "You can possess yourself of that diamond—the rarest in this country—not as security for a loan, but as your own property, and it will not cost you a dollar!"

Jacob Hernstein's eyes flashed at these words.

"How?" he asked eagerly.

"By giving me your daughter as a wife!"

The Hebrew stood for a full minute staring at the stranger in silence. Then his face grew livid with rage.

"Get out of my shop!" he cried. "Vould I sell my own flesh and blood? Ish dat vat you ask Jacob Hernstein to do? Get out of my shop, and may curses rest upon your head!"

The man took up the jewel-case, returned it to his pocket, and, looking steadily at the pawnbroker, answered:

"I will go, as you command. But if you should change your mind, Jacob—if you should ever conclude to accept the offer which I have made to you here to-night—a word sent to this address will be sufficient. Remember, the diamond I offer you for your daughter's hand is the Gem of the South!"

The stranger laid a card upon the counter, and without another word passed out of the musty little shop.

In a paroxysm of rage, the pawnbroker snatched up the card, and, without reading it, tore it into pieces. Then he bolted the door, turned out the gas, and made his way up the stairs which led to his dwelling apartments. And all this while he was muttering to himself: "Vould I sell my own flesh and blood?"

II.

All men are monomaniacs, could we read their minds aright. Not all imagine themselves kings, nor do all run mad over musty books and old china. I have known a man whose mania was coffins, and I have known another who would sell his soul to any Mephistopheles that might offer a sufficient number of postage-stamps as a price. Jacob Hernstein's mania was diamonds. He loved his daughter Rebecca, not with any foolish sentiment, but with the natural affection of a father. He loved her more sincerely than he loved anything on earth—excepting diamonds!

When the pawnbroker sought his bed that night it was not to sleep. Whether he closed his eyes, or whether he lay staring into the darkness about him, he saw only the dazzling stone which the stranger had shown him. All night long he tossed restlessly in his bed, muttering at intervals, "Vould I sell my own flesh and blood?" In the morning he arose, calmer, but with a strange light in his dark eyes. Was he not an honorable man—this money-lender of Essex square? He would do nothing dishonorable—not even for diamonds. He would not sell his own flesh and blood!

When Jacob Hernstein descended to his shop that morning he carefully picked up the pieces of card-board which contained the stranger's address, and placed them in a drawer of his safe. Then he sat down to think. And behold, glittering before him—dazzling his eyes whichever way he turned them—was the vision of the marvelous diamond, the Gem of the South!

III.

All that is most beautiful in the Hebrew woman was to be found in Rebecca Hernstein. A perfectly oval face, of that deep, dark complexion which is still transparent enough to reveal the rich blood beneath; eyes black, lustrous, and reflecting at all times the workings of the mind—a broad, low forehead, shaded by a wealth of glorious, blue-black hair; nose small and straight, with the lines of the nostrils finely curved; a mouth of wondrous mobility, and a full, delicately-rounded chin—this, as nearly as my poor pen may picture it, was the face of Rebecca Hernstein. At the age of twenty, with the charms of womanhood ripened to maturity, she was strikingly beautiful. At the age of twenty Rebecca Hernstein was a petted, high-spirited girl, who had learned to love with the intensity characteristic of her race. The man who had won her heart was worthy of the treasure. He was young, ambitious and loyal. His suit had met with the approval of Jacob, and, in accordance with the Jewish custom, the engagement of Daniel Dosmann and Rebecca Hernstein had been publicly proclaimed.

One evening, a week after the stranger's visit, Jacob Hernstein sat in the parlor over his shop—for it was past the hours of business—his face buried in his hands and his eyes fixed vacantly on the floor. Albeit this parlor was over a shop, it was richly furnished. Perhaps the rare pictures and costly bric-a-brac which adorned the room had found their way there over the counter downstairs—but they were none the less rare and costly for that. The pawnbroker, as I have said, sat staring vacantly at the carpet on the floor. And yet even there, on the carpet, he saw something—something which glared and flashed in the uncertain light of the grate fire. It was the diamond—the Gem of the South.

A door leading into an adjoining room opened, and Rebecca entered the parlor. She was dressed in an exuberance of color which would have seemed vulgar on a less beautiful woman. It seemed perfectly in keeping with the deep hues of Rebecca's face and eyes.

"What is it that troubles you, father?" said the girl, seating herself at Jacob's side. "You have not been yourself for a week."

Without raising his eyes or taking any notice of her question, the pawnbroker asked:

"Is Daniel coming here to-night?"

"No, but he promised to come to-morrow night."

"I vants you to send him vord not to come to-morrow night. Dere is a gentleman vat I vishes you to know—a friend of mine, Rebecca—and he vill be here to-morrow night. Send vord to Daniel not to come!"

"And pray who is the gentleman that I may not meet when Daniel is present?" Rebecca looked wonderingly at her father as she put this question.

"He vas a friend of mine—a particular friend," answered Jacob. "It is enough for you to know that I vishes you to see him when Daniel is not present!"

Rebecca's face flushed angrily. She was on the point of replying to her father, when the latter raised his head, and, fixing his eyes upon her, said:

"I vas always kind to you, vas I not, Rebecca?"

"You have been very kind to me," answered the girl.

"Vell, then, do not be angered with me now. I vishes you to see this friend of mine to-morrow night; after that Daniel may come the same as ever."

The girl arose, and, bending over her father, kissed his brow. The flash of the diamonds in her ears made him shudder.

"I will do as you wish," she said.

As the evening wore on, Rebecca fell to reading a newspaper, while Jacob still sat before the fire, thinking. Breaking a long silence, the girl at last looked up from the paper and exclaimed:

"Oh, father, here is a diamond which you ought to have!"

Jacob turned sharply about in his chair.

"Vat is it?" he demanded, almost furiously.

"This diamond I have been reading about. Just listen!" And she read from the paper: "There has been on exhibition for the past few days at Munson & Co.'s jewelry establishment the most remarkable diamond ever seen in this country. It weighs fully twenty carats, but its value is due more to its purity and brilliancy than to its size. It is called the Gem of the South ——"

Jacob Hernstein sprang from his chair and snatched the paper from his daughter's hands.

"I vill hear no more, Rebecca—it is a lie! It vas all a lie! Dere vas no such diamond as the Gem of the South!"

And he tore the paper into pieces, still repeating: "It vas a lie—it vas all a lie, Rebecca!"

IV.

From that moment when Jacob Hernstein's eyes looked upon the marvelous diamond which was offered as the price of his daughter Rebecca, two conflicting spirits took possession of his mind. The name of one of these spirits was Avarice, and the name of the other was Affection. They fought desperately and long, but in the end Avarice triumphed.

When the proposition had first been made to him that he should sell his daughter for a precious stone, the pawnbroker of Essex square was ready to kick the stranger out of his shop. Affection was completely the master then. On the morning following, Avarice had gained a foothold, and the pieces of the stranger's card were picked up from the floor. By another day, Affection had lost still more of its first advantage, and the address on the card was read: "Alexander Weymes, No. 413 Wescott place." Those were the words which Jacob decipered from the torn bits of pasteboard. And after that, Avarice crushed Affection and took possession of the man's soul. On the fifth day he wrote a letter requesting an interview with Alexander Weymes. With the sealing of that letter Affection turned away in sorrow, and Avarice was left the victor.

Alexander Weymes made his way again to the pawnbroker's shop in Essex square, carrying the Gem of the South in his breast-pocket. Jacob greeted him with a strange mingling of pleasure and fear. He bolted the door, drew down the curtains, and led his visitor into a small office at the rear of the shop.

"Vell," he said in a voice tremulous and husky, "you have come."

"I have come," answered Weymes, "as you desired."

"You have brought the diamond with you?" continued Jacob eagerly.

By way of reply the man drew forth the jewel-case and opened it. The pawnbroker bent forward and gloated over the glittering stone.

"I took it from Munson & Co.'s immediately on receipt of your letter," he explained.

"And you vill part with this diamond on no other terms than those you proposed?"

"On no other terms!" answered Weymes. "Give me your daughter Rebecca for my wife, and the Gem of the South is yours!"

He held up the case to the light as he spoke so that the full glare of the diamond might fall upon Jacob's eyes. The face of the money-lender was ashen pale. His thin hands were clasped together as though in supplication. At that terrible moment did Affection make one last effort to save him? Who shall say?

"Rebecca is already the promised wife of another," he said, speaking the words slowly. "She loves that other very dearly."

"The girl will obey her father, will she not?" returned Weymes.

"She cannot marry outside of her own people."

"I am a Jew!" was the reply.

A silence fell upon the two men. With his eyes riveted on the diamond, Jacob Hernstein sat clutching his thin hands, while the pers piration gathered in great beads upon his brow.

"Well?" said Weymes, at last.

"Give me the diamond," answered the pawnbroker, "and you shall have my daughter Rebecca for your wife."

A smile of triumph passed over the brutal face of Alexander Weymes. But the pawnbroker of Essex square did not see it. He saw nothing save the diamond.

V.

Alexander Weymes and Rebecca Hernstein were man and wife. There had been fierce resistance, there had been tears and supplication, there had been

MISS ELISABETH VON STAMMWITZ, a youthful German tragedienne, made her debut on the American stage, speaking the English language, at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., Oct. 8, in an entirely new play, in five acts, entitled "Lady Jane Grey," written by Mr. T. E. Osmun, and acted for the first time on any stage with the following cast:

Mary Tudor.....Von Stammwitz
Lady Jane Grey.....Miss Lizzie Mahon
John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland.....M. B. Snyder
Guilford Dudley, his son.....Fontella, Miss
Earl of Arundel.....C. A. McManus
Cornelius Agrippa, Doctor of Medicine.....E. F. Knowles
Duke of Suffolk.....W. A. Donaldson
Barker.....R. L. Downing
Lennox, Arundel's Lieutenant.....Walter Hubbell
Fairfax, Captain of the King's Guard.....T. F. Meagher
Jackson.....Frank Baden (Herald.....Mr Whitmore
Lord High Chancellor.....W. D. Beveson
Edward the Sixth, King of England.....Harry Taylor

Our correspondent, writing on Oct. 14, remarks:

The plot of the play is based upon the events in the history of the closing days of the reign of Edward VI of England, and may be briefly stated as follows: Princess Mary Tudor, sister to King Edward, is enamored of Guilford Dudley, son of the Duke of Northumberland. Young Dudley already loves and is beloved by Lady Jane Grey, cousin of the King, which fact is discovered by the Princess Mary, and causes her to bitterly hate Lady Jane, the Dudleys and their adherents. The King greatly admires and esteems the beautiful Princess Mary, thereby exciting the secret of her love for Dudley, gives his approval to their betrothal. The King is afflicted with a malady that baffles the skill of the court physicians, and threatens to end his life at any moment. The Duke of Northumberland, through his ambition to wield the power behind the throne, conceives the bold stroke of getting rid of the King, first persuading him to issue an edict naming Lady Jane Grey as his successor. The King is then induced to swallow a wonderful potion prepared by a celebrated doctor of medicine employed by the Duke, which is to throw him into a slumber resembling death for forty-eight hours, when he is assured he will awake completely cured of his malady. The potion takes effect, and the King is pronounced dead, and the Duke orders the doctor to be killed in order that he may not betray the plot against the life of the King. The edict of the King naming the Lady Jane as his successor is then read, and preparations for her coronation begin. The doctor escapes and makes his way to the presence of Lady Jane Grey, discloses the plot against the King, accuses the Duke of being the murderer, and then exires. Lady Jane refuses to be an accomplice of the Duke, but her scruples are silenced and the coronation takes place. Mary Tudor, with the assistance of her faithful adherent, the Duke of Arundel, who is the most powerful enemy of the Northumberland, inciting the populace to rebellion against the edict of the King, who is supposed to be dead, and they succeed in entering the coronation chamber just as the coronation ceremonies have ended, when Mary wrests the queenly mantle from Lady Jane, tears the crown from her head and places it upon her own, and Mary is then hailed as Queen, and condemns to death Lady Jane and her husband. The King, recovering from the effects of the sleeping-potion administered to him, appears and confronts Mary at the moment she has consigned them to the tender mercies of the headsman. This does not suit the purposes of the Duke of Arundel, who now appears and maintains that "the King is dead," and, to make good his words, proceeds to throttle him, thus making Mary Tudor Queen indeed. Mary once more supplicates pardon for Dudley to bestow his love upon her, which he sternly refuses to do. Mary, finding herself thwarted in separating husband from wife, even in the throes of death, orders a general massacre of Guilford and all of her enemies. The action of the first three acts takes place in Windsor, the fourth in Whitehall, and the fifth in the Tower of London. At the conclusion of the performance of this play, has taken many liberties with the accepted historical version of the sad story of Lady Jane Grey, so that it may be said that the story as depicted by him is an original creation. The dialogue is good, the situations are well chosen, and the action moves vigorously, keeping up the interest to the real culmination in the third act, when Dudley "marches the crown into her grisly hand." The play should be made to end here. It would be more finished than with the addition of the last two acts, which, though they add to the length of the play, detract from the third act. Miss Von Stammwitz is a noble-looking woman — young, tall, magnificently formed, lithe and graceful, and possesses a clear, rich, melodious voice, that she knows how to modulate with fine effect. Her pronunciation and enunciation of the English language for the first time on any stage were something to be wondered at when it is understood that she has been studying the language but six months. In this respect she is superior to Janauschek. The tones of their emotional passages are strikingly similar. As the play was new, and but little time given for study, but few of the cast were well up in their parts; hence we refrain from criticising them severely, as they will no doubt improve on me long run. Miss Von Stammwitz was repeated 9, 10. "Messalina," a fire-act tragedy translated and adapted from the German of Wilbrane, who translated it from the Latin of Racine, was the first production on the English-speaking stage. We append the cast of characters:

Valeria Messalina, consort of Claudius the Emperor.....Von Stammwitz
Caius Silius.....M B Synder
Narcissus, a Frenchman, the Emperor's Secretary.....C. A. McManus
Dennis Calpurnianus.....R. L. Downing
Vetis Vatenius.....Harry Taylor
Cornelia Wilmington.....W. A. Donaldson
Marcus, his son.....E. F. Knowles
Barea Soranus.....Walter Hubbell
Byrus, a tribune.....Frank
Kallius, slave to Taetius.....T F Meagher
Arria, wife to Taetius.....Miss Annie Storey
Lucina.....Miss Virginia Storey
Female Slave.....Miss Gray

Miss Von Stammwitz's impersonation of the character of the Roman Empress was truly intense and powerful, and displayed great knowledge of the requisites necessary to depict the passions of love and hate. The costumes of Miss Stammwitz are marvels of beauty and richness. The surprise of the company in the play was much better than in "Lady Jane Grey," Miss Annie Storey as Arria and C. McManus as Narcissus being worthy of special mention. For her benefit, on Friday evening, Miss Von Stammwitz appeared in "Deborah," the same version as played by Janauschek, which, though a melodramatic picture of her capability or power as an actress, this performance must certainly have dispelled them. There was no rant, no boisterous passion, no comic relief, but a serious and dramatic rendition of this part we have never witnessed. The curse scene was the perfection of the display of concentrated pas-ion. The applause was greeted with this play of power with enthusiasm, and Miss Von Stammwitz was twice called before the curtain. "Deborah" was repeated at the Saturday matinee, and in the evening the second performance of "Messalina" concluded a highly successful artistic week's engagement. Miss Von Stammwitz appears at Ford's Opera-house, Baltimore, next week in the play of "Mary Stuart." George Vandenhoff and company commence a two weeks' engagement Oct. 15, opening in "Henry V."

EDWIN ADAMS was the recipient of a complimentary benefit at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, on Friday afternoon, Oct. 12. The programme for the occasion was an attractive one, including selections by the artists of the German opera troupe, under the direction of Max Maretzek; Miss Mary Anderson in the potion-scene from "Romeo and Juliet;" Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels in "Helen's Babies;" recitations, "Sheridan's Ride" by Charles R. Thorne Jr., and the "Seven Ages of Man" by William D. Gommill; feats of magic by Commander Cazenove, and the second, third, fourth, and fifth acts of Leonard Grover's play "The Remarkable History of Lispet," by the Chestnut-street Theatre company. All, either before or behind the curtain, volunteered their services, and but $700 was realized, which sum will be largely increased when all the tickets are returned. Mr. Adams was quite low on Friday morning, but towards night he rallied and was quite as comfortable as could be expected under the circumstances. On Saturday, Oct. 13, he had one or two sinking spells, and was not expected to live; but on the following day (Sunday) he was better than he has been since he arrived in Philadelphia, ten days previously, having in a measure recovered from the excitement he was laboring under consequent on the testimonial benefit, although the condition is still critical. Mr. Adams sent the following letter to the committee having in charge the New York benefit:

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 8, 1877.—To my Friends, the Press and Public: My physician has told me that I must not be present at the Academy of Music, New York, on the 12th inst., on the occasion of the benefit which you have united to tender me. It was with pride, my earnest hope that I should be able to be there, to personally thank each and all of you for what you have done in your generous appreciation of me long ere I had the power to be among you. There are so many of you, and you have been so noble in your kindnesses, as shown to reconcile me to my misfortunes, for these have shown me how friendly the hearts of the profession and the public are to me, and this greatly comforted and cheered me in my painful illness and sincere anxiety about the future. It is something more than I can tell you how much it is to a man standing where I now stand to look back over his life and see how many good friends have been raised up for himself, and how much love and help they give when the shadows are thick about him. I cannot resist the impulse to name Dion Boucicault, who can tell you how great that gratitude is, and I cannot even come before you to express the loving sentiments that fill my heart. In the suffering that comes from disease, in the pain that finds and leaves me here, helpless, a physical wreck, with but half a man's life of usefulness lived, and I cannot be unfaithful, the deep gratitude I feel is far more than I can express. What I cannot speak to you, face to face as it was my hope to do, I must write to you, and I can only say to each and every one of the profession, press and public—thanks! God bless you one and all.

EDWIN ADAMS

A MATINEE BENEFIT for Edwin Adams was given on Friday, Oct. 12, at the Leland Opera-house, Albany, N. Y., by Manager John W. Albaugh. The gross receipts, without deducting any perquisites, were given. The entertainment commenced with "The Rough Diamond," with Hart Conway as Sir William; W. H. Thompson, Lord Plato; R. E. Graham, Cousin Joe; Fanny Pierson, Margery; and Cassie Troy, Lady Plato, all of the Boucicault-Shaughraun Combination. John Mackey of the Shaughraun Company followed with a recitation, after which Mr. Albaugh's company played the comedy of "Our Oddities." This was followed by Manager Albaugh in a recitation, "Little Jim." The performance closed with the farce of "Nan the Good-for-nothing," in which Connie Thompson, Mr. Albaugh's soubrette, played Nan, and members of Boucicault's company the following roles: W. B. Cahill, Tom Dibbles; Cyril Searle, Harry; Hart Conway, Charley, and Jenny Lamb, Mrs. Simpson. The programme was printed in gold on white satin. The entire performance was much enjoyed, and the affair financially was a success, the receipts reaching three hundred and twenty-five dollars and fifty cents, which is considered a very satisfactory result for Albany. The receipts at the door amounted to $224. The following subscriptions were also made: John Albaugh, $25; printing of programmes, $12.50; R. E. Stevens, $10; E. A. Eberle and wife, $10; Treasurer Fred. Dubois, $5; F. O. Savage, $5; Col. T. Alston Brown, $10; and members of Manager Albaugh's company, $14. Total, $91.50, amounting in all to $325.50.

LAWRENCE BARRETT begins a two weeks' engagement in Cleveland, O., Oct. 15, and opens in Pittsburg, Pa., 29, for a like period.

COLLAHAN.—D. H. Harkins, supported by D'Orsey Adams's Company, performed in Savannah, Ga., Oct. 8, 9, 10, and on the night of the last-named date Manager Ogden disappeared. The agent of the theatre offered it to the company rent free for the night of Oct. 12, and they accepted it, playing "Richard III." Up to noon of that day 200 tickets had been sold, showing a disposition upon the part of the public to help them out.

EDWIN ADAMS is to be the recipient of a benefit at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 17 (tight), all of the company having volunteered.

F. C. BANGS, supported by a first-class company, played "The Soldier's Trust" in Elmira, N. Y., Oct. 12, 13, to fair-sized audiences. They are to be in Rochester Oct. 15 for one week, Buffalo 22, 23, 24, St. Catherines, Ont., 25, 26, London 27.

"AH SIN," at the Griswold Opera-house, Troy, N. Y., Oct. 11, 12, 13, elicited moderate houses. Mr. Albaugh's clever Albany stock people gave the support.

FRANK MAYO is to play Davy Crockett at a hall in Troy, N. Y., 19, 20.

SANFORD & STONE, dramatic agents, advertise for a lady to play in burlesque.

THE ROLLIN HOWARD Opera-bouffe and Burlesque Combination is now in its third season, and its list of artists embraces the names of Rollin Howard, Blanche Clifton, Mlle. Zitella, Nellie Sanford, Nellie Wayne, Jerome and Cameron, and John L. Sanford, who also officiates as business-manager. Mr. Sanford requests managers desiring to secure terms and dates to address him as per card. The company perform in Cincinnati, O., two weeks, Buffalo and New York to follow.

AN ACTOR'S wardrobe is for sale. See card.

A. H. SHELDON and Nellie Sanford can be addressed for engagements, in their romantic drama of "Wealth and Crime," as per card.

THE AGNES WALLACE-VILLA COMBINATION are still on the road, season extending from last April.

JOHN F. RYAN advertises MS. copies of plays for sale cheap.

A HEAVY MAN, a juvenile man and a juvenile lady are wanted by Davis & Co. See card.

OUR SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., letter, dated Oct. 7, is as appended:

The Kellogg-Cary Opera Company at Baldwin's Theatre produced "Lucia di Lammermoor" Oct. 1, "Faust" 5, 6, and "Mignon" was presented 5 to an audience representing over $3,500. Seats were sold at premium. The mention of such names as Ilma di Murska, Clara Louise Kellogg, Annie Louise Cary, Tom Karl and Geo. O. Coney will be sufficient evidence as regards how well the opera was sung. Di Murska's Fellna (her first appearance in the role) was a masterpiece of genius and the sensation of the evening. Her conception and performance went forth together with perfect accord. It was a dramatic creation, self-centred, self-consistent, and true to nature, yet in the highest sense ideal and imaginative. Miss Kellogg as Mignon sang with rare refinement and brilliancy, but she sometimes appears to be beguiled by the melody of her voice in a degree that maltreats the sense or distracts attention from it. Miss Cary as Frederico acted the part with rare grace and sang with surpassing sweetness and skill. The operatic season, by reason of its great success, will be extended, with "Mignon" and the same cast 6 "Aida" is in preparation.....At the California Theatre Stuart Robson and W. H. Crane have presented "For-bidden Fruit," "Hopeless Day or Every Inch a Man," a burlesque of "Blasted Susan" within the past week to rather moderate business. Their support embraced the chief talent of the company. Mr. Crane gave a strong bit of quiet comedy as Gilman in "The Happiest Day of my Life." Mrs. C. R. Saunders as Mrs. Grimsby received considerable applause; and Miss Frankie Gilman as Mary Dudley was excellent. In the care in little things, her unvarying fidelity and unpretentious industry augering for her an uncommonly bright future. The remaining support by Elise Wilson, Miss Nelson Decker, J. N. Long and Walter Leman was good. "Our Boarding house" will be produced 8.....The Grand Opera house will open 8 with the new company in "Lemonade"—E. F. Thorne in the leading role.....The minstrel performances at Emerson's Opera-house, since the discontinuance of the gift business, have improved in tone and quality. Pat Rooney is the chief attraction. The Big Four in their characteristic acts receive considerable attention. Business good. Kelly and Ryan are announced.....At Bush-street Theatre the Ellipitan Dramatic Opera Company have drawn fair houses through the week with "Jack the Giant killer." Their announced names, ages, weight and size of the members of the troupe are as follow: Commodore Nutt, 32 years, 33lb and 30 inches high; Miss Ella Kirtland, 21 years, 42lb and 38 inches; Major Nutt, 40 years, 51lb and 36 inches; Miss Jenny Quigley, 18 years, 32lb and 28 inches; Miss Sarah Belton, 53 years, 54lb and 32 inches; Major Houghton, 25 years, 33lb and 31 inches; and Colonel Goshen, 50 years, 62lb and 36 inches high. J. K. Emmet is to appear 15.....At the Adelphi Theatre George and Charles Reynolds and the Clodoche Family are the attractions. Business good.....Johnson and Mack and Charley Reed are the most prominent of the Bella Union Theatre..... Rose Eytinge is to open in Sacramento 8, with "Antony and Cleopatra," supported by T. W. Keene, Nelson Decker, Fred G. Maeder, C. F. Ward and Miss Carrie Wyatt..... Modjeska has just recovered from a very severe illness... Billy Sweatnam the minstrel left for Philadelphia 5..... Frank Kowalke, treasurer of the Bella Union Theatre, and for many years connected with the variety and minstrel profession on this coast, died in this city Oct. 4. John Jack, Annie Firmin and Wm. C. Crosby are doing the legitimate in the small towns of Oregon.

AMUSEMENTS IN PITTSBURG, Pa., up to Oct. 12 as follows, are reviewed by our correspondent:

"Under the Willows" was acted in the Pittsburg Opera-house the past week, with Mrs. Emma Waller as Hortense, Dr. Waller as Antoine Thibaut, J. N. Goldthold as Albert De Favrolles, Frederick Bock as Count De Favrolles, Milton Rainford as Duke De Senneville, Will A. Sands as Goutrain, Miss C. Stockwell as Maricon, D. H. Chase as Fournais, H. C. Allen as Julian, Ed. Clarke as Lazour, Miss Kate Fletcher as Helene, and Miss Kate French as Marie. The play was presented in a style that reflected credit on the management, being handsomely mounted, and the leading characters ably represented. Mrs. Waller gave an impassioned and striking portrayal of her part, and Dr. Waller's impersonation was excellent. Mr. Gotthold's role afforded him scope for the exercise of his abilities, and his characterization was deserving of praise. Mr. Bock was conscientious, and made a good impression. Mr. Stockwell and Miss Fletcher acquitted themselves well, and the other parts in the main were satisfactorily acted. Miss Fanny Davenport opens in "Pique" Oct. 15.....Miss Mahoney's first representation in Pittsburg, at Library Hall, Oct. 8, and ran all the week to steadily-increasing business. The cast embraced Charles F. Coghlan, E. S. Dalton, Jack and Mrs. Angs, George Giddens, H. W. Montgomery, John Matthews, Alfred Becks, Agnes Booth, Miss Lizzie Storrs, Miss Maud Harrison, Miss Ella Allen, and Miss Jessie Wakeman. The play was admirably performed, every member of the company seemingly being especially fitted for the giving of an excellent representation of his or her part. The party continues another week.....Annie E., wife of W. H. Crompton, business-manager of the Pittsburg Opera-house, who died of consumption on Oct. 6, was laid to rest in the Pittsburg Cemetery, Allegheny, on Oct. 9. The pallbearers were Manager J. N. Gotthold of the Pittsburg Opera house, Manager M. B. Canning of Library Hall, and Messrs. Fred. Bock and Milton Rainford of the Opera-house company. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Costar of the Episcopal Church, of which Mrs. Crompton was a member. There was a large attendance of the profession and friends of the deceased. In private life Mrs. Crompton was an estimable lady, and was beloved by all who knew her.

FROM BOSTON, MASS., under date of Oct. 14, a correspondent sends us the appended review:

At the Boston Theatre Miss Lydia Thompson and troupe opened last week to fair business, presenting "How to Make Home Happy" and the burlesque of "Oxygen." The farce proved a rather dreary production, but the burlesque was a highly amusing, being capitally framed, well worded, and handsomely and appropriately dressed. Miss Thompson seems not to have lost any of her grace or vitality, and is as graceful and grotesque and nimble as ever. Miss Alice Burville possesses one of the most agreeable voices ever heard here in burlesque, and has been the recipient of many encomiums. Fred. Marsden as the Ex-gymnaster and Professor, and Ella Chapman in her dancing and banjo-solos was a favorite. The stately Miss Duncan and Marie Williams as the Misses Smith and Charley Reed are the most prominent of the remaining members. Miss Claxton in her old role of Louise reviving pleasant memories. Miss Lillian Clevel and Clark an allegretto pavor an agreeable surprise, and the rest of the cast was distributed as follows: Marianne, Marie Bates; Countess de Linieres, Susan Wood; Jacqueline, Miss Dora Howard; Regan, Genevieve. Dollie Pike; Julia, Lottie Church; Florette, Marie Wilson; Sister Therese, Ada Farwell; Pierre, C. A. Stevenson; Jacque, J. W. Sindler; De Vaudrec, John Wild; the Count de Linieres, J. W. Lanergan; Picard, Harry Phillips; Marquis de Presles, John Dailey; Martin, J. A. Page, Doctor of Hospital, E. Murray Day; La Fleur, J. F. Burke; Officer of Guard, D. Nourse; De Sailly, J. McDonald; D'Estres, Mr. White; Antoine, T. Gardner. Oct. 15, "The Dantes" will receive its initial performance in Boston, with McKee Rankin and Kitty Blanchard from the Brooklyn Theatre, New York. It will be brought out with new scenery, properties and effects, and to give eclat to the opening performance invitations have been extended to Governors Long, fellow, Whittier, and Holmes. The author will also be present. Bouclicault's "Marriage" company will be the next attraction here, opening 29. Since Mr. Crane and he has held the position of business-manager and comptroller since the opening of the present season, severed his connection with the theatre Oct. 8. His attention will, hereafter, be devoted entirely to his profession, for which he is well adapted.....The second week of the annual comedy season opened at the Boston Museum Oct. 8, with "She Stoops to Conquer," which was repeated 9. "A Case for Ruin" was given matinee and night, 10. "Masks and Faces" and "Nan the Good-for-nothing" 11. "Men of the Day" 12. "The Lancashire Lass" and "Epipheny" night of 13. The present week will be the last of miscellaneous plays. Oct. 15, 16, and matinee, 20, "The School for Scandal" will be given in its entirety for the first time in modern innovation of one scene to an act. "Men of the Day" 17. "London Assurance" 18, for Mr. Warren's benefit. "Our Friends" 19, and "Belphegor" 20. "Much Ado About Nothing" will be produced 22, forming the seventh of the series of special comedy productions, which have been made the feature of former seasons.....The Boston Comedy Company, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cowper, John Davies, Frank Oakes, Dan Hart, Ethel Greybrooke, Irene Tyler, Hattie Saphore, Emma Lorraine, Marie Roberts, with J. A. Sanborn, stage-manager, will give "Our Boys" at Kennedy Hall Oct. 17.....Geo. L. Fox has been more comfortable the past week, but his disease, softening of the brain, is considered incurable. Miss Louise Anderson (Mrs. H. W. Johnson), late of the, Boston Museum, and long connected with our theatres, is dangerously ill at her residence.

WM. DAVIDGE JR., the young and energetic manager of the Philadelphia Museum, was presented by his charming wife, *nee* Maggie Harold, with a son on the morning of Monday, Oct. 8, whom it is the intention to name Dion Boucicault, in honor of the author of "Marriage," which is now in the full tide of success at that establishment.

THE ELDER PRAEGER of the well-known Praeger Family, while performing at Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, a couple of years ago, accidentally broke his arm by a fall through a trap-door that had been left open on the stage behind the scenes. His son Theodore brought a suit to recover damages for injuries sustained by his father, and the case was heard in the Court of Common Pleas, Philadelphia, on Oct. 10, before Judge Yerkes. The proof of alleged negligence on the part of Robert Fox failed, however, it being clearly shown that he was not liable, and judgment was entered against the plaintiff.

MAGGIE MITCHELL, with William Harris as special support, will commence a week's engagement at at the Leland Opera-house 15.

BENEFIT FOR EDWIN ADAMS.—In the Pittsburg (Pa.) Opera-house, on the afternoon of Oct. 17, a benefit performance is to be given for Edwin Adams. The bill will consist in part of the second act of "Pink Dominos," by a New York company; the screen-scene from "School for Scandal," by Miss Fanny Davenport, J. N. Gotthold and members of the Opera-house company; the second act of "Giroflé-Girofla," by the Holman Opera Troupe; and a comedietta by the Opera-house company.

BOUCICAULT'S "Shaughraun" Combination opens in Troy, N. Y., at Griswold Opera-house, 15, for three nights, and goes thence to Utica for two nights, Oswego 20, Syracuse 22, 23, and finishes that week at Rochester, where they remain four nights.

THE MERRY BISHOPS, as organized for their second season, consist of Messrs. W. H. and C. Bishop, the Misses Rose and Frances Bishop, Florence Neville, Sidney Corning, and Master Leo. Two good singing soubrettes are advertised for.

ETTIE HENDERSON can be engaged to produce her new comedy of "Marriage," through Morris Simmonds, agent.

LEWIS MORRISON'S troupe, with Rose Wood as the chief attraction, are billed in Fort Wayne, Ind., Oct. 15, 16, Logansport 17, Kokoma 18, Lafayette 19, and Terre Haute 20, 22.

A. R. ADAMS, formerly of the Museum Company, had a benefit last week at Fanny Marsh's Theatre, Portland, Me., to a fair house. Miss Fanny Marsh, Frank Curtis and amateur talent assisted.....John Stetson's Company in "Three Fast Men" 13.....The mother of Wm. Calder died quite suddenly Oct. 13. Mr. Calder is at present with Slavin's "Uncle Tom" Company. He has the sympathy of all his friends in this hour of affliction. Letter of Oct. 13.

NELLIE BOND'S DRAMATIC COMPANY were in Canton, Ill., last week, and are billed in Farmington 15, 16, 17, Maquon, Ill., 18, 19, 20, Bushnell 22, one week.

AT THE OPERA-HOUSE, Providence, R. I., the following companies are booked: Harry Bloodgood's Minstrels Oct. 16, 17, Joseph Murphy in "Kerry Gow" 18, 19, Buffalo Bill 22, 23, 24, Janauschek 25, 26, 27, Maggie Mitchell 29, one week. The two latter stars will appear under Manager Henderson. He previously plays Janauschek in Meriden, Ct., 18, New Haven 19, Bridgeport 20, New Bedford, Mass., 22, Fall River 23, 24. Manager Henderson has also engaged Rose Eytinge and Louise Pomeroy for the New England circuit.

THE PARK THEATRE, Philadelphia, was opened on Monday evening, Oct. 8, under the management of J. B. Moran and W. T. Ward. This new theatre is situated on the second floor of the building at Seventeenth street and Ridge avenue (formerly known as Germania Hall), and has a seating capacity of about 600. The opening programme consisted of "Everybody's Friend" and "Toodles;" J. B. Moran, a well-known amateur, sustaining the respective roles therein of Major Wellington De Boom and Timothy Toodles. Miss Emilie Wallace, Miss Mabel Hawthorne, W. F. Granger and Wm. Sherry sustained the other principal parts. The attendance was moderate during the week. "Retribution" being performed the last three evenings. The location of the new establishment is better adapted for a variety theatre, to which purpose, it is rumored, it will shortly be converted.

MISS MARY ANDERSON made her first appearance in Philadelphia on Oct. 8 at the Walnut-street Theatre, "Evadne" being revived for that occasion. This youthful actress is undoubtedly gifted with dramatic ability, and is intelligent, graceful and pleasing in her manner. She created a decidedly favorable impression during her one week's engagement, appearing as Parthenia in "Ingomar" Oct. 9, 10, as Juliet 11 and at the matinee 13, and as Ion 12, 13. The Lydia Thompson troupe commence a two weeks' engagement 15.

THE REGULAR SEASON at the Philadelphia Museum commences Oct. 29, and the ladies and gentlemen engaged for the stock company are notified by Wm. Davidge Jr., the lessee and manager, to assemble in the greenroom of that establishment on Oct. 22, at 11 A. M.

FOX'S AMERICAN THEATRE, Philadelphia, which is now looking plastered and decorated, will positively open on Saturday evening, Nov. 3, under the sole management of Robert Fox, and with Wood Benson as business and stage manager. The new theatre will be somewhat smaller than the old one burned by fire, but will be prettier and contain many needed improvements, including an enlarged stage.

AT THE CHESTNUT, Philadelphia, "The Remarkable History of Lispet" was repeated all last week, Bartley Campbell's new drama "Fairfax" succeeding it. "Fairfax" will be presented Oct. 15 for the first time on any stage. It will be followed by a new comedy by the humorist MAX ADELER "Her Second Husband."

"THE DANICHEFFS" has been withdrawn from the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia. "Smike" is to be produced this week.

"MARRIAGE" continued to attract a good attendance at the Philadelphia Museum during the week ending Oct. 13. Thus far the managerial regime of Wm. Davidge Jr. promises to be eminently successful.

TAGLIONI—Bartley Campbell arrived in Chicago Oct. 10.....Edwin Booth is suffering from catarrh.....Detroit, Mich., has contributed $156.30 to the Adams fund.....F. F. Coburn, agent of George S. Knight's Combination, arrived at Evansville, Ind., Oct. 10, ten days ahead of the main army.....When Maude Granger played Juliet in Springfield (O., Oct. 9, Judge Pittugh made a fine impression as Paris.....Charles A. Stevenson has consented to join the Kate Claxton Combination.....Miss Georgie Allen, the young lady of color who plays Emeline with the G. C. Howard "Uncle Tom" Combination, has been dubbed "The Southern Nightingale".....John P. Smith, the immemorial agent, is accused of having rewritten the Howards' version of "U. T. C." to his clerk's charge.....Bartley Campbell has not yet seen John T. Raymond play the insurance-agent in "Risks."..... Miss Marie T. Courtelles, whose verses from time to time in this paper have shown the lady to be possessed of poetic talent, has just returned to Cincinnati after concluding an engagement at the Grand Opera-house in this city, we believe. The genial paragraphists of a potential press are, however, adrift in stating that this was her first appearance upon any stage. She has been on the boards about two seasons.....Miss Nellie Mortimer and Miss Jean Burnside, as flower-girls in the auditorium of the Academy of Music, rendered a duet on the 5th inst. which should not be overlooked. Nor should we neglect to record the fact that Mrs. John Drew, who during the past twenty-five years has been such a stranger to the metropolis, was given a rousing welcome by the playgoers, was the only one of those who played, from a distant city.....Joseph J. Procter opens to-night (15) in this part in which he first appeared in this city nearly thirty-nine years ago—Nathan in "Nick of the Woods".....J. W. Carlisle will manage Mrs. Scott Siddons in Cincinnati.....T. W. Davey, manager of the company supporting Lawrence F. Barrett for the season, requested the actors thereof to hand in their contributions to the Fund. Every George Clarke refused to do it at first.....The manager responded by threatening to cancel their engagements, and they wilted when they reached Cincinnati last week. Mr. Barrett's generosity is the talk of them all, from sandal to nostril.....Robson and Crane have a novelty for San Francisco—"Our Bachelors," by Joseph Bradford, now in rehearsal.....Mrs. Langtry will play "Our Boys" at Kennedy Hall, Highlands, Oct. 17, and then go through the New England States, perhaps.....W. R. Chamberlain, leading man with Mrs. Bowers, died Oct. 11.....He was the son of Judge Caskie of Richmond, Va., and a cousin of James Caskie of the law-firm of Witt & Caskie of that city, and of the Willis and Caskie family so well known among professionals who visited Richmond years ago.....Stanley McKenna, the origin of whose "Our Oddities" is questioned elsewhere, has another play under the name of "Our Boarding House."—Reporter.....Miss Lida Lawson, the promising Cincinnati (O.) actress, is to join Robert McWade's company on the 20th.....Thomas Hiatt, manager of the Boucicault Company for several years past is to travel with Janauschek.....C. Raffile, an actor in times long gone, is coaching the Red Knights in the drama of "Arrah-na-Pogue," soon to be brought out in New Haven, Ct.....Robert McWade has a novelty in store. It is an Irish drama, in which Mr. McWade will appear.....Mme. Janauschek L. F. Barrett, C. R. Thorne Jr. and McKee Rankin to London, Eng., to play "Julius Cæsar." Hence the announcement that Mr. Barrett's company will go to Cleveland, O., Oct. 15, and Pittsburg, Pa., 29, for a like period.

MUSICAL ITEMS FROM BOSTON.—The Handel and Hadyn Society gave Mendelssohn's oratorio of "Elijah" at the Tabernacle on Oct. 10, interpreted by Mme. Eugenie Pappenheim and Miss Sarah C. Huber, sopranos; Miss Antonia Henne, contralto; Wm. H. Rieger, tenor; and Myron W. Whitney, basso; assisted by Mrs. Jennie M. Noyes, N. O. Whitcomb, George C. Wiswell, and D. M. Babcock. Carl Zerrhan, conductor, and B. J. Lang, organist. The performance was satisfactory and well attended.....The Apollo Club, a new organization, made their first appearance Thursday evening, Oct. 11, at Wesleyan Hall. The club consists of W. E. Krugel, violin and viola; G. W. Metcalf, violin and trombone; J. T. Bigelow, violoncello; Frank Dutton, flute and piccolo; E. L. Gurney, piano; and R. P. Welch, orchestral organ.....The Mendelssohn Quintet Club, newly organized, gave their first concert Oct. 13 at Union Hall. Miss Ella O. Lewis was the vocalist and Miss W. W. Sumner pianist.....A benefit-concert complimentary to Mr. W. W. Davis is to be given at Tremont Temple Oct. 15. The following artists have volunteered: MRS. E. A. Humphrey-Allen and Sallie M. Clough, sopranos; Mrs. Jennie M. Noyes, contralto; Charles H. Clark, tenor; Thomas Thomas, baritone; Charles F. Allen, violinist; Carlyle Peterailla, pianist; S. L. Studley, T. P. Ryder, and the Temple Quartet.....At the Tabernacle, on Tuesday evening, 16, and Wednesday afternoon, 17, two festival-concerts are to be given. The soloists are MRS. FLORA E. BARRY, Miss LILLIAN BLAUVELT, Mrs. Julia Houston West, Signor P. Brignoli and M. W. Whitney. R. Shubreck, cornet soloist; Carl Zerrhan, conductor; and George E. Whiting, organist. The chorus, composed of different societies from all parts of the State, will number twenty-six hundred voices, and the orchestra seventy-five pieces.....The Harvard Musical Association announce a series of ten symphony concerts, to be given at Boston Music Hall Nov. 9, and continuing till March 25, 1878.....In the Music Hall Theodore Thomas is to give a series of six subscription concerts, commencing Nov. 24.....Messrs. Peabling and Ellenger gave a series of "musicales at Mechanics' Hall Oct. 12 and 13. The Boylston Club, under the directorship of George L. Osgood, will give their first concert Dec. 19.....The Apollo Club give three public rehearsals and two concerts during the season at Tremont Temple.....Miss Amy Fay opens a series of piano recitals at Union Hall on the afternoon of Oct. 16.....Ernst Perabo, assisted by the Philharmonic Club, is announced to give two chamber concerts on Nov. 2, 3.....Gilmore's band are to appear in Boston the latter part of October.....Fryer's German-opera Company commence a two weeks' season at the Boston Theatre Oct. 22 in "Les Huguenots." Advices of Oct. 14.

A SHORT SEASON of German opera was inaugurated at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, Oct. 8, under the management of T. B. Pugh and the direction of J. C. Fryer, "The Huguenots" being then presented, and Miss Alexandre Human and Miss Grimminger, sopranos, making their American debuts. Miss Adams, the leading prima donna, is to be credited with the display of much vocal power and facile execution, and the other new appearances likewise made a favorable impression. Mme. Eugenie Pappenheim appeared as Valentine. "Tannhauser" was produced Oct. 10, Mlle. Mathilde Wilde as Elizabeth then making her first appearance in America and displaying a powerful soprano voice. "Der Freischutz" on Oct. 11, and "Lohengrin" on Oct. 12, and at a matinee the day following, concluded the season, which proved successful.

MELVILLE M. WILSON, B-flat cornet and 'cello-player, whose address find in another department, can be engaged.

GEORGE HOSFELD Sr., a prominent member of the Philadelphia Musical Association, died Oct. 6, in the 69th year of his age. His funeral took place Oct. 11 from his late residence in Philadelphia, and was numerously attended.

THE MISHLER CONCERT COMPANY gave entertainments at the Fifth-avenue Lyceum, Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 8, 9, 10, to light but well-pleased audiences.

THE HOLMAN ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY open at the Fifth-avenue Lyceum, Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 15, for one week.

MISS EMMA ABBOTT, assisted by Mr. Stanley, tenor; Signor Perrani, buffo; Mr. Arbuckle, cornet; and Herr Rokyra, pianist, will give a concert in Park Hall, Newark, N. J., Oct. 18, in aid of the Home for the Friendless.

H. AMME, leader of orchestra, who can also play first and second violin, viola and alto, advertises for an engagement.

BLIND TOM commences a brief engagement in Washington, D. C., Oct. 16.

MUSICIANS are wanted for the orchestra of the Olympic Theatre, this city. They must also play brass. Address Geo. A. Florence, as per advertisement.

F. VON OLKER, formerly leader of orchestra in the Opera-house, Providence, R. I., is now at the Academy of Music, Fall River, Mass., at the head of a new orchestra.

THE OATES TROUPE appeared in the Providence (R. I.) Opera house Oct. 11, 12, 13, and at Saturday matinee, to good business. The company concluded their engagement with Manager Henderson last week.

STARRS AND PLATT.—Rubinstein is executing a new symphony.....One of the surviving members of the old music-firm of Gen. Wm. Hall & Sons of this city has gone into litigation with the Boston house of Oliver Ditson & Co. Involving a goodly sum, the litigation, which is to be resumed in this city to-day, is cream to the lawyers, but of no interest to the public—not even to musicians.....The Rudolf Theorel of "Lucrezia" was a brilliant success at the Philadelphia Academy of Music on the 12th inst., as to be missed.....It is stated that Rita Sangalli the dancer "is ambitious to make her debut as a singer." Too late. She made her public debut as a vocalist a number of years ago.....Mrs. Louise Oliver, soprano of Dr. Chapin's Church, this city, is organizing a company to travel.....The Last of the Mohicans" is promised Brooklyn for next month. It is not the drama that Charles R. Thorne Sr. played at the Richmond Hill Theatre forty-six years ago, but a new opera, and by an American lady—Miss Corinna Young. The story, however, is the same—James Fenimore Cooper's.....Miss Erminia Rudersdorf will make New York her future home.....The veteran instrumentalist Dr. Gustav Satter gave a concert at Tucker Hall, Raleigh, N. C., Oct. 12.....Rudolph Rockenbach of the music firm of Henry Koesell & Co., Louisville, Ky., was married in that city on Oct. 11, the bride being Miss Emma C., daughter of Dr. Knoesel.....The Liederkranz Society of St. Louis, Mo., under the direction of Egmont Froehlich, gave a concert at Pratcher's Hall, that city, Oct. 10.....Prof. Carl Ritter and his new orchestra gave their farewell concert at the Lyceum, Pittsbur

RATES.

SUBSCRIPTION.—Per annum, in advance, $4; six months, $2; three months, $1, including postage to any part of the United States. Foreign postage, extra. Single copies, 10 cents each. No deduction to clubs or agents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—Agate type measure, 14 lines to an inch.—Department notices, copied from and credited to other journals, 30 cents per line, the same notices to be inserted once only. Advertisements under the head of AMUSEMENTS, 15 cents per line; Miscellaneous and Sporting Advertisements, 20 cents per line—for each and every insertion. A deduction of 25 per cent. from these rates will be made for advertisements when paid for three months in advance by the advertiser. Advertising agents are not allowed this or any other deduction further than their regular commission. Cuts and displayed type in advertisements charged at the same rates for space occupied.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

THE CLIPPER is for sale in LONDON, ENGLAND, at the American Exchange, 449 Strand, Charing Cross, W. C.

THE NEW YORK CLIPPER ALMANAC FOR 1877

CONTAINS A TABLE OF FASTEST RECORDED TIME, ETC., THEATRICAL CHRONOLOGY FOR 1876, SPORTING CHRONOLOGY FOR 1876, A REVIEW OF THE BASEBALL SEASON OF 1876, AND OTH USEFUL INFORMATION.

COPIES MAILED ON RECEIPT OF
Price 15 Cents.
Address
FRANK QUEEN, Publisher,
P. O. Box 3,860. 88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS AND AGENTS

We are now prepared
TO RECEIVE ADVERTISEMENTS FOR THE ALMANAC FOR 1878
at the following rates:

For one page, 7¾x4¾ inches	$40 00
For half a page	20 00
For quarter of a page	10 00
For a space of 25x3¼ ems Agate	5 00
For a space of ten lines Agate	2 00

Below is a specimen of a ten-line card, so that advertisers can judge of the space and style:

THE ROBINSONS,
AMELIA AND THOMAS,
THE WORLD-RENOWNED
MUSICAL SKETCH ARTISTS AND DANCERS.
Address care of CLIPPER OFFICE,

Please send in copy as early as convenient, and address all communications to
FRANK QUEEN,
Publisher and Proprietor,
POST-OFFICE BOX 3,860. 88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

LOOK OUT FOR
JOHNNY BARTLEY
and his
NEW SENSATION BY WM. DEVERE.
N. B.—ON DECK. 30-1t*

OPERA-HOUSE,
SHERMAN, TEXAS.
POPULATION 8,000.
This new hall is one of the most beautiful in the Southwest. Lit with gas. Scenery complete. Seating capacity 600. Size of stage 30x25ft. For terms and particulars address COOK & WRIGHT,
18 26t* Lessees and Managers.

NEBRASKA CITY, NEB.
HAWKES' OPERA-HOUSE.
Only licensed theatre in the city. Own all billboards.
W. T. CANADA,
22-26t* Manager, Box 266.

MONUMENTAL HALL,
SIDNEY, O.
This new and beautiful hall is one of the finest and most complete opera-halls in the State; with twelve changes, including set pieces, border-light, foot-light; heated by steam; gas, water; stage, 30x40ft. Population of town, 4,500. Good show town for first-class entertainment or every description. Railroad centre. Orchestra, brass band. Billposter and license.
For rent or sharing terms. Address
F. E. KELLER, Manager,
or LEWIS & BINKLEY, Proprietors. 27-13t

1,500 OPERA-CHAIRS AT A SACRIFICE. Full descriptive circular and price-list on application to JAS. F. CROSSEN,
25 12t* 8 Lafayette place, New York.

H. MILLER'S WINTER GARDEN, Vine street, Philadelphia. First-class variety and operatic performers wanted at all times. No fancy salary, but moderate and sure. Paid every Monday morning—never fail. N. B.—Incompetent persons will be discharged after first night's appearance, and no performer allowed to run a bar-bill so as to insure a full week's salary. Henry Miller, Sole Proprietor. George Kirs, Stage-manager. 29-13t

SKETCHES, DRAMAS, ETC., Songs, Stump-speeches, Gags, Jokes, Farces, Burlesques, and Variety and Minstrel Novelties written to order by I. DAVEAU, 116 South First street,
29-tf Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y.

MAGICAL MANUFACTORY. Magical and optical tricks for stage or parlor; also juggling-balls, knives, etc. All of the best finish. Prices very low. Send 13c. for catalogue, or 3c. for price-list. THOS W. YOST, 35 North 9th st., Philadelphia, Pa. [21-13t*

CHARLEY KUHN, the Comical Dutchman and Jig-dancer, playing the Harmonicon at same time. First open date Nov. 26. Address care CLIPPER. 1*

COLLINS' HALL, SOUTH ADAMS, MASS. With scenery, gas. Accommodates 600. Manufacturing town, 5,000 inhabitants. Terms reasonable.
30-13t* Address ISAAC COLLINS.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
CITY OF ST. CATHARINES, ONTARIO, CANADA.
TO LET BY THE NIGHT OR WEEK.
This new and beautiful theatre will be completed on September 1 next, with a full and complete stock of scenery and stage equipments, and fitted up in the most elegant style with opera-chairs, etc. Seating capacity, 1,200; size of stage, 58x34ft., with fire-escapes and all modern improvements. The city of St. Catharines is situated on the Great Western Railway, twelve miles from Niagara Falls, and has population of 14,000. The above is the only theatre in the city. [30-13t* Address JAMES McEDWARDS, Secretary.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
DES MOINES, IA.
New hall now building; seats 700; first-class in every respect; good stage, with twelve changes; will be completed Sept. 15. For rent or sharing terms, address
19-13t* WM. FOSTER Proprietor.

CIRCUS LIGHTS.
KIDD'S
PATENT LIGHTS,
PRICES REDUCED,
are the
CHEAPEST, BEST, AND MOST DURABLE.
SOLE AGENTS.
TAYLOR & BASSEMIR,
1-13t* 97 Cliff street, N. Y.

EICHBERG'S OPERA-HOUSE, CHAMPAIGN, ILL. New hall, full sets of sceneries, gas, etc. Now rent; good entertainments pay well. Address EICHBERG BROS., Champaign, Ill. 18-13t*

OPERA-HOUSE, OTTAWA, ILL.
Engagements made with first-class entertainments of every description. Seating capacity, 1,000. Stage 32x60ft. Full sets of stage scenery, traps, foot and border lights complete. Finest opera-house west of Chicago. Population of Ottawa, 10,000. County seat of La Salle County. Population, 65,000.
19-13t* F. A. SHERWOOD, Proprietor.

H. DICKSON'S NEW OPERA-HOUSE, KENTON, O.
Stage 27ft. by 45ft. Two rows border-lights, one row foot-lights, sixteen sets of scenery, two private boxes, two dressing-rooms. Seating capacity of dress-circle, gallery and auditorium, one thousand. Two broad entrances. Lighted by gas. Population, six thousand. Two weekly papers. For rent and terms address
H. DICKSON, Proprietor,
28-4t* Kenton, O.

GRISWOLD OPERA-HOUSE,
TROY, N. Y.
TO LET or play on shares, by night or week, for the season of 1877-8.
This house has been run for the last six years as a star theatre, and contains all modern improvements for producing first-class pieces. For full particulars address
26-tf W. D. VAN ARNUM, Griswold Opera-house.

DOWLING HALL,
TERRE HAUTE, IND.
This beautiful hall, after thorough renovation, WILL BE READY SEPT. 1,
for First-class Entertainments of Every Description.
SEATING CAPACITY, 1,200.
SCENERY COMPLETE.
Most centrally located and beautiful hall in the State. For terms and open dates address
24-8t* FRANK McKEEN, Manager.

CALCIUM LIGHTS.
A lot of apparatus for sale at any price. W. T. HARMAR, 306 Madison street, N. Y. 30-11t*

MRS. ALD. HOIST,
PROFESSIONAL BOARDING-HOUSE,
34-13t* 115 Crosby street, New York.

DE BAR'S GRAND OPERA-HOUSE,
ST. LOUIS, MO.
JOHN W. NORTON,
Manager.
Address all communications as above. 27-6t

SCHAEFER'S OPERA-HOUSE, CANTON, O.—Canton has given substantial evidence recently on several occasions encouraging to first-class troupes who may go either East or West. Our population is now about 15,000. We invite such to stop over a day or two. LOUIS SCHAEFER,
28-4t Proprietor.

"BRANIGAN'S BAND,"
"Over the Hill to the Poorhouse," sent with orchestral parts, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents each.
28-13t* JOHN N. CHADSEY, Chatham Centre, N. Y.

WILSON'S MUSIC HALL,
OSHAWA, CANADA.
to rent, or will play on shares, by night or week. First-class parties only wanted. Rent moderate.
29-7t* JOHN WILSON, Proprietor.

NEW ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
LOCKHAVEN, PA.
Rent reduced $15, and we pay licenses,
EVERYTHING NEW.
SEATS 730. Address
MANAGER, Academy of Music. 29-4t

GRAND CENTRAL VARIETIES,
416 Penn street,
READING, PA.
JAMES I. GRACE.....Business-manager
GEO. W. GRAY.....Stage-manager
This new and beautiful theatre will open Oct. 15.
All parties wishing dates will apply as above. Salaries must be low. Accommodations here are reasonable.
N. B.—There is no bar or wine-room connected with this theatre. 29-2t*

TO MANAGERS AND AGENTS.
MENDELSSOHN HALL, OWENSBORO, KY.
First-class throughout; has dress circle, parquet and gallery; complete set of scenery and fine drop-curtain; is a licensed hall.
TERMS: ONE NIGHT, $20; TWO NIGHTS, $35; SIX NIGHTS, $100.
Lighted with gas; head and foot lights. Can make Louisville, Evansville, Henderson or Hopkinsville without losing a night. Population, 12,000, and a good show town. For any further information, apply by letter or in person to [29-4t] H. T. WASHBURN, Proprietor.

SENSATIONAL AND SOCIETY DRAMAS to order; old work made new, stories dramatized, and original work executed. Correspondence with professionals solicited. CHAS. E. HELM, 45 Columbia ave., Indianapolis, Ind. In preparation, "Bread or Blood." 29-2t*

MAGICAL MANUFACTORY. Variety of very elegant stage illusions, ventriloquial and Punch and Judy figures always on hand. The Pillory of 34, $30; Vase of Flora, $8; Magicians' four-trap table, 10. Send for price-list, or enclose 15c. for new Theatrical (0 pages) Catalogue, embellished with full page engravings and numerous woodcuts. Address
W. J. JUDD,
9-2t* 131 Henry street, New York.

THE FIFTH-AV. LYCEUM,
PITTSBURG, PA.,
designed by Dion Boucicault, Esq., is now open for rent or sharing terms, to all first-class combinations, musical or dramatic, lectures, etc. It is acknowledged by all to be the handsomest place of amusement in the West.
WILL SEAT 1,300 PERSONS.
Easy of access and exit. Located on Fifth avenue. Scenery all fire-proof. For terms apply to J. N. GOTTHOLD,
29-tf Opera-house, Pittsburg, Pa.

TO LET.
GERMANTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA,
by the night or season, to responsible parties, a beautiful OPERA-HOUSE, furnished with folding-chairs, stage and stage scenery. Capacity, 700—population, 30,000. Address
30-17t POTTER & SEYMOUR, Germantown, Pa.

WANTED—A HOT-AIR BALLOON in good order and cheap for cash. Send terms immediately to Prof. R. Wallace, Cincinnati, O., care of F. O. 30-1t*

LOOK OUT FOR
JOHNNY BARTLEY
and his
NEW SENSATION BY WM. DEVERE.
N. B.—ON DECK. 30-1t*

FOR SALE CHEAP.—PANORAMA OF THE CENTENNIAL. Can be made to pay for itself in a short time by giving entertainments in churches, etc. Address PANORAMA, 743 Broadway, So. Boston, Mass. 1t*

MUSICIANS WANTED FOR OLD JOHN ROBINSON'S CIRCUS,
for Winter season. Show traveling South. State lowest salary. Must be temperate. Address Waverly, Tenn., until Oct. 25, then 223 Madison street, Fort Wayne, Ind.,
CHAS. A. JONES, Leader Orchestra and Band.
30-2t* Robinson's Circus and Menagerie.

FOR SALE.
The new Panorama
ACROSS THE CONTINENT,
used by us only one season. Will be sold cheap, as we have other features to take its place. To anyone in want of a good paying show cheap this is a rare chance. Address, with stamp, QUEEN & CO., Stoneham, Mass. 30-1t*

WANTED—
A GENTLEMAN PIANIST.
Wanted immediately, to travel. To one suitable a long engagement is ready. He must be strictly temperate and a gentleman; none others need write. Must be willing to make himself generally useful. Write or telegraph immediately to E. ROSENBAUM, Manager for Harts, Magician, Haverhill, Mass. 30-1t

WHITNEY'S HALL,
ATLANTIC, IOWA.
Seating capacity, 500. Finest stage and stage scenery in Western Iowa. Ample dressing-room. Population, say 4,000. Terms reasonable. Address F. H. WHITNEY, President Bank of Atlantic. 29-13t

OPERA-HOUSE,
WACO, TEXAS.
POPULATION, 8,000.
Complete set of scenery. Lighted with gas. Capacity, 600. For terms address J. P. GARLAND,
27-13t* Waco, Texas.

SAM BARLOW,
PLEASE SEND YOUR ADDRESS TO YOUR OLD PARTNER. 30-1t*

MLLE. LEONARDI
The Water Queen,
IN HER MARVELOUS PERFORMANCE IN A GLASS TANK OF WATER IN FULL VIEW OF THE AUDIENCE.
WALLA LEONARD,
JAPANESE ROPE AND SLIDE FOR LIFE. Sliding from the gallery to the stage on a single rope. The only rival of King Sarbro. Now with W. W. Cole's Circus and Menagerie. Will be at liberty Dec. 10. Address
30-1t* W. LEONARD, care of CLIPPER office.

THE LONDON PAVILION,
HARTFORD, CT.
CHAS. J. PITT - Proprietor
OPEN THE YEAR ROUND.
Acknowledged talent wanted at all times to complete engagement. Business must be sent in one week in advance. CAPT. GEO. T. SHAW,
29-11-tf Business and Stage Manager.

MAJOR BURK,
THE MILITARY SENSATION.
SECOND WEEK AT THE
THEATRE COMIQUE, NEW YORK.
IMMENSE SUCCESS.
MANAGERS WHO WANT A
NOVELTY AND FIRST-CLASS PERFORMANCE.
address care of CLIPPER, New York.
N. B.—This Act is not a Zouave Drill. 30-1t*

NEW NATIONAL THEATRE,
PHILADELPHIA
OPEN DATES
FOR
FIRST-CLASS COMBINATIONS
AND
SENSATION STARS.
Address all communications to
30-1t* THOS. F. KELLY, Lessee and Manager.

BANJO "FREE"
In order to introduce the Dime Banjo Music, we will send
FREE
for stamp, to any address, a complete tune, neatly printed, and fully explained. Also catalogue of 3,000 tunes, and full directions how to tune, finger, fret, hold, and play the banjo. Address THE DIME BANJO MUSIC CO., 203 and 205 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Any 33 ten-cent tunes for $1. 30-1t*

THE MAN OF EDUCATION.
JOHN RAYNOR,
SENSATIONAL IRISH COMIQUE,
now in his fourth week at the
Alhambra Theatre, Omaha, Neb.
Address all letters
30-1t* care of CLIPPER office.

THEATRICAL SCENERY PANORAMAS.
ETC. PAINTED AT REDUCED RATES. Also ARCHITECTURAL DRAWINGS MADE. SUBURBAN RESIDENCES A SPECIALTY. Particular attention paid to work for amateurs by BANVARD,
AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE 87th DIO.
1,216 Broadway, Room 1.
Terms, half cash in advance, balance C. O. D. 30-1t*

THE DUTCH MENDELS
AND
CHAS. H. KING.
TREMENDOUS HIT EVERYWHERE.
SEE WHAT MANAGERS SAY:
The Dutch Mendels and Chas. H. King closed with roe, after two weeks of great success, proving themselves good cards by nightly responding to encore after encore.
CAPT. J. W. DECKER, Manager.
Globe Theatre, St. Louis, Sept. 15, 1877. 30-1t*

BANJO JUST OUT. GUITAR
GEORGE C. DOBSON'S New School for the Banjo, 72 large pages, 8 pictures, and portrait of Geo. C. Dobson; thorough instructions, with and without notes. Geo. C. Dobson's New School for the Guitar, 72 pages, pictures and portrait, just out. Either book, 75c., or with two of my best strings, $1. Banjos, Guitars, Strings, Books, etc. Send for price-lists, with discount and new terms.
GEO. C. DOBSON,
30-1t 1,139 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

TO RESPONSIBLE MANAGERS.
SIG. SEBASTIAN,
AMERICA'S CHAMPION BAREBACK RIDER,
is at liberty to negotiate with responsible managers for the Winter season and the season of 1878, for himself and his son LEONIE, now traveling with Montgomery Queen's Great Show of California.
Managers can address care of CLIPPER, or care Montgomery Queen's Great Show. 30-1t*

TO MANAGERS.
MISS LETTIE ALLEN,
SUPPORTED BY
MR. J. B. ATWATER,
will make a tour of the United States with Philip Stoner's picturesque American drama of
WOODLEIGH,
a most determined success, having occupied the whole of the intermediate season at Wallack's Theatre, New York. Where these artists sustained the principal roles. Sole agent,
HORACE WALL,
WALL'S DRAMATIC BUREAU,
30-1t 14 Union square, New York.

XYLOPHONES,
the charming musical novelty (as played at the Cooper Institute Concerts every Thursday evening), made to order; also lessons given to ladies and gentlemen. Terms reasonable. CHAS. LOWE, 131 E. 13th st., New York. 1*

WANTED IMMEDIATELY
Little Men and Women
that can sing and take parts in plays. Send Photos. State exact weight and lowest salaries to
HAMILTON & NAIL,
30-1t* care of CLIPPER office, New York.

CIRCUS GOODS.
Shannon, Miller & Crane.
IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF
THEATRICAL GOODS,
No. 46 Maiden Lane, New York.

BEST ENGLISH COTTON TIGHTS & SHIRTS, per set	$2 75
ROWING SHIRTS, each	$3 00 to 4 50
ROWING TIGHTS, per pair	from $3 00 upwards.
WORSTED KNEE TIGHTS, per pair	$ 00
WORSTED TIGHTS, SHIRTS, LEOTARDS and BODY DRESSES, each	$ 00
BEST SILK TIGHTS, COTTON TOPS, per pair	12 50
WORSTED TRUNKS, per pair	from $1 75
RED CLOGS, per pair	from $2 50 to 4 50
CLOWN SUITS,	from $3 00 upwards.
STRIPED STOCKINGS, per pair	$1 75 and upwards.
SPANGLES, per lb	$ 25
SKULL CAPS,	from 75c. each, upwards.
SUPPORTERS, each	1 00
MAKE-UP BOXES, each	$1 00 & 1 50
PREPARED BURNT CORK & CLOWN WHITE, in Boxes of ¼, ½, ¾, and 1 lb	per lb. $ 00
NEGRO WIGS, each	$1 50 $2 50 and $ 50
CHARACTER WIGS,	from $4 00 upwards.
MUSTACHES,	from $1 to $4c.
WHISKERS and BEARDS, per set	$1 25 to $ 50
BOXING GLOVES, per set of two pairs	from $3 00 upwards.
CALF STOCKING PADS, per pair	4 00
CALF and THIGH PADS, per pair	10 50
LONG BURLESQUE SONG & DANCE SHOES, per pair	4 50
13, 15, and 18 inches, per pair	1 00
WHITE CANVAS SLIPPERS, per pair	2 50
WHITE CANVAS GAITERS, per pair	

THEATRICAL, MILITARY & REGALIA GOODS
IN EVERY VARIETY.
Flags, Banners; Rowing Suits; Bear, Monkey, Frog, and other Suits; Theatrical Jewelry; Papier-Mache Heads and Wax Figures to order; Combat Swords; Linen Thread for Spangling; Gilt, Plated and Tinsel Fringes, Laces, Gimps, Braids, Cords, Stars, Tassels, Brocades, Embroideries, &c.—every variety; Cotton and Satin Domestics, and Wire Masks; Foil Paper and Copper Foil; Armor, Helmets, &c.; Indian Moccasins, Sandals, &c.; Satin Opera Slippers and Theatrical Boots; Gold and Silver Leather; Sea Skeletons and Imitation of Papier-Mache; Fencing Materials; Worsted and Silk Fringes, Tassels, &c.; Banner Silk and Bunting; Spears, Eagles, &c.; Every Pattern of Hat to order; Horse Plumes.

Goods Sent C. O. D. send for Circular
4-26t*

A LEGITIMATE SUCCESS.
TRIUMPHAL MARCH OF
"THE PHŒNIX."

THE PUBLIC AROUSED TO POSITIVE ENTHUSIASM. THE PRESS UNITED IN GLOWING EULOGY. THE SEASON A FINANCIAL SUCCESS. TIME FILLED UNTIL JUNE 1, 1878. FORD'S OPERA-HOUSE, WASHINGTON, OCT. 15, ONE WEEK. RICHMOND, VA., 22, 23 AND 24. 30-1t

Notice to Troupes Going South
The agents of all theatrical companies to visit
MONTGOMERY, ALA.,
this season, are hereby notified that
OFFUTT'S NEWS DEPOT,
next door to the Post-office, in that city, will sell tickets for all companies without any charge whatever. No complimentary tickets received. This news depot is daily visited by thousands of people, and is the most convenient place of the kind in the city of Montgomery for the sale of theatre tickets. 30-1t

A PERFECT MINT.
WM. O'NEIL.....Business-manager
MME. NINON DUCLOS'
TROUPE OF
SENSATIONAL BLONDES
and superb STATUARY ARTISTS. STANDING-ROOM ONLY. No expression for this ENORMOUS BUSINESS. Doors broken open to obtain tickets. Time all filled to Nov. 18. Address CHAS. BENTON, agent Mme. Ninon Duclos' Troupe, Charleston, S. C., up to Oct. 27. 30-1t*

TAMBOURINES.
Is it necessary to tell you that all the PROMINENT professionals use my narrow silver-rim. $4.25 tambourines?
30-13t ROE STEPHENS, Detroit, Mich.

FANNY HERRING
AT WARD'S OPERA-HOUSE, NEWARK, N. J., OCT. 15, in her great Indian Border Drama,
THE TIGRESS OF THE WEST, OR THE FIFTH SHOT.
Opens at Shelby's, Buffalo, Oct. 28.
FIRST OPEN DATE, DEC. 24.
Western managers please notice. Address after Oct. 22, care of DAN SHELBY, Adelphi, Buffalo, N. Y. 30-1t*

R. ALISON,
LEADER AND COMPOSER OF STRING AND BRASS, desires a solid engagement in any reputable branch of the profession. Address Box 1,028, Richmond, Ind. 30-1t*

W. DAZIAN,
IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF
Theatrical, Boating and Equestrian Goods,
280 BOWERY, N. Y.
ESTABLISHED 1840.
THE OLDEST AND MOST RELIABLE HOUSE,
has constantly on hand the most complete assortment to be found in the United States of silks, satins, velvets, tarletans, laces, gold and silver trimmings, silk, cotton, worsted and lisle thread; shirts and tights, leotards, clown suits, monkey dresses, etc. Slippers and everything necessary for a complete wardrobe.
PADDINGS A SPECIALTY.
SUPERIOR QUALITY FRENCH COTTON TIGHTS, $7.50 PER SET.
Goods sent C. O. D. to any part of the U. S. 24-13t*

WIGS! WIGS!
SCHMIDT & FOOTNER,
746 BROADWAY,
Theatrical Wigmakers. Character Wig for $4, Negro Wigs, $1 to $2.50; Beards, $1.50 to $3; Whiskers, $1.50 to $3; Moustaches, 35 to 50c. Manufacturer of Ladies' invisible Fronts, Curls, Braids, Puffs, etc. Goods sent C. O. D.
27-13t*

BANJO
THE HIGHEST Premium awarded at the Centennial Exhibition to the HENRY C. DOBSON PATENT CLOSED-BACK BANJOS, silver-mounted. Prices, $30, $35, $40 and $50. My simple method for the banjo, enabling the pupil to play instantly without notes or teacher, $3; all new tunes since June the 1st. 14-inch heads, 70cts.; 16-inch heads, 85cts.; best strings, 50cts. per set. Send stamp for illustrated catalogue. Address all orders to 406 SIXTH AVENUE, New York. This Banjo is not for sale in any store in the United States. 25-tf

CIRCUIT,
NORTHERN ILLINOIS,
AURORA, OTTAWA,
LA SALLE, MENDOTA,
DIXON, STERLING,
AND CLINTON, IOWA.
27-4t WILLIAM H. LAING, Dixon, Ill., Manager.

SHOWMEN,
send stamp for Showman's Catalogue and Price-list of Pictorial Printing at half price. More than one thousand varieties of Theatrical, Minstrel, Magic, Negro, Bell-ringers, Irish, Dutch and Variety Cuts constantly on hand, from 3cts. a sheet upward. THE CHEAPEST PRINTING IN THE WORLD. Address T. R. DAWLEY, Manager Great American Engraving and Printing Company, No. 63 and 64 Gold street, New York. 26-26t*

GIBBONS HOTEL,
BALTIMORE, MD.,
Three minutes' walk from Academy of Music and Ford's Grand Opera-house. Professional headquarters. Terms, $2 and $10 per week. S. M. GIBBONS,
25-tf Proprietor.

PEDANTO,
the celebrated Antipodean Gymnast, Tight-rope Artist etc., would like to make arrangements with any responsible party going South this coming Winter. Address
30-1t* Tremont House, Troy, N. Y.

READ First-Class Combinations visiting Canada will find the
GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, OTTAWA,
well stocked with elegant scenery and all the accessories for the production of Society Plays, etc. Parties requiring information as to dates, rental, sharing or positive terms, apply to M. KERO, Lessee, P. O. Box 147, or ALEX. JACQUES, Billposter, Box 188. 29-3t*

WIETING OPERA-HOUSE,
SYRACUSE, N. Y.
THE ONLY FIRST-CLASS PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN THE CITY. HAS NINE DIFFERENT EXITS.
Lowest Rent, Best Sharing Terms Offered,
of all theatres in the State.
Patronized by the Wealth, Fashion and Elite of Syracuse. Large stage, with all the latest improvements. Traps, Calcium Lights, etc., etc. New and elegant scenery, comprising 80 pair of flats. Endorsed and patronized by all the leading Stars and Combinations in America.
CENTRALLY LOCATED.
For rent, or sharing terms in Syracuse, Utica, Auburn and Oswego, address PHILLIP H. LEHNEN, Manager. 26-13t

FANNY MARSH'S THEATRE,
PORTLAND, MAINE.
Stars and Combinations
treated with on liberal term Address
26-13t* MARSH, Manager.

BLOOMS'
338 & 340 BOWERY, NEW YORK.
MOST EXTENSIVE THEATR CAL HOUSE
AND FANCY-GOODS EMPORIUM IN THE COUNTRY.
THE MOST COMPLETE, GORGEOUS AND ELEGANT LINE OF
SATINS, SILKS, VELVETS, PLUSHES, BROCADE,
and Brocatelle; Organdies, Swisses and Tarlatans, Gold and Silver Tissues, Persian Illuminated Grenadines, Turkish striped Textures, Armor Cloth, Gold and Silver Bullion Fringes, Tassels, Laces, Stars, Spangles, Brilliants, Jewelry, Crowns, Necklaces, Sceaters, Chatelaines, Bracelets, Slave Bands, etc.
LADIES' MAGNIFICENT **STAGE, BALL and PROMENADE COSTUMES,** on hand and MADE TO ORDER within short notice, at our well-known and popular low figures. Measure may be sent by mail, and thorough satisfaction guaranteed. Samples and price-list furnished on application, free of charge.
The world-famous ENGLISH SILK-TIGHT,
the most beautiful tints and colors, sold at this house only, at $10. We guarantee them to excel, both in appearance and durability, any at $15 in the market. We are the inventors of
THE PERFORATED DENTELLE TIGHT.
It is without exception the most elegant article ever produced. It is not alone more flexible, more graceful, and more durable than anything ever imported or made in this country, but the novelty of this Tight is quite as much in the effect as in the material; not only do lines of color, in two distinct hues, and distinctly definable, traverse the Tight from body to foot, but with the motion of the limbs of the wearer these hues so blend and intermingle as to produce a beautiful and magical effect, particularly when seen by gaslight. We are just now in receipt of a large invoice of our popular "Nilsson" Gloves and Lace Mitts in all the new and delicate tints of the season. Parisian FANS in great variety.
BLOOMS' MAMMOTH ESTABLISHMENT, 338 & 340 BOWERY, NEW YORK.

TO MANAGERS.
DRAMATIC AND VARIETY. A BIG CARD. SOMETHING NEW AND NOVEL.
DAN AND JOSIE MORRIS
in their new and original IRISH CHARACTER SKETCHES, introducing Songs, Duets, Jigs, Reels, Clog and Wooden shoe Dancing, in conjunction with the **GRAND HIBERNIAN SCENERY,** 55 beautiful life like views of IRELAND, painted by the eminent artist, DAVID STRONG. We can give from a half-hour to one hour's performance, or longer if desired. Immense success at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, last week. Commencing Monday, Oct. 15, at Trimble's Theatre, Pittsburg, one week. Managers wishing to engage this great attraction, address DAN MORRIS, Robinson House, Pittsburg, Pa.
It is the most attractive novelty of the day. JOHN FIELDING, Manager Academy of Music, Cleveland.
P. S.—We are not with Prof. Hughes' Egyptian Mystery Combination, as billed by Charles Forbes, but with our own entertainment as per card. [30-1t] DAN AND JOSIE MORRIS.

EMERSON'S OPERA-HOUSE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
WM. EMERSON.....Proprietor and Manager | C. S. FREDERICKS.....Stage-manager
Patronized by the Wealth, Fashion and Elite of San Francisco.
STARS AND SPECIALTY ARTISTS DESIRING DATES, PLEASE ADDRESS
12-11-tf NAT. HOMER, Treasurer and Business-manager.

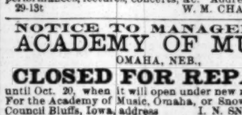
THOMPSON'S THEATRE,
DALLAS, TEXAS.
This highly successful place of amusement is
NOW OPEN THE ENTIRE YEAR.
ATTRACTIVE LADIES WANTED for opening of the FALL AND WINTER SEASON. Address
O. S. ROBINSON, Agent,
21-13t* P. O. Box 3,361, New York City.

SPROAL'S FOURTH-AVENUE THEATRE
PITTSBURG, PA.
LAWRENCE SPROAL.....Proprietor
COL. HAL SLEEPER.....Director
THOS. E. JACKSON.....Stage-manager
NOW IN THE FULL TIDE OF SUCCESS.
Artists of acknowledged ability in all branches of the business wanted; also,
SENSATION DRAMATIC STARS.
None but first-class artists need apply. Address
27-13t* LAWRENCE SPROAL.

MR. GEORGE RIGNOLD
on tour with HENRY V. Baltimore Oct. 1 to 14, Washington Oct. 14, two weeks. Business communications should be addressed to [30 4t] H. B. LONSDALE.

OPERA-HOUSE,
TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.
The only first-class place of amusement in the city. Seating capacity, 1,600. Stage 45 by 80ft. House and stage complete in all its appointments. This is one of the finest Opera-houses in the country. First-class companies desiring to rent or share, address
27-13t* C. E. HOSFORD, Agent.

NEW ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
Scranton, Pa.
One of the most complete theatres in the country; seating capacity, 1,500; folding opera-chairs; stage, 55x60ft.; 42ft. to rigging-floor; 25 full scenes on flats and drops, with set-pieces for all ordinary business. The population of the city is 50,000. Terms reasonable. Address
27-13t* C. H. LINDSAY, Manager.



BOGAN'S BANJO MANUAL, containing 53 tunes, with directions for practice, enabling any person to play at sight; price $2. DANCING WITHOUT A MASTER, comprising Jig, Clog, Song-and-Dance, and Irish Jig; price 50 cents. Send stamp for price-list of Professional Banjos. J. BOGAN, 100 East Houston st., New York. 30-1t*

H. A. THOMAS,
LITHOGRAPHIC STUDIO,
865 BROADWAY,
BETWEEN 17TH AND 18TH STREETS, NEW YORK.
J. E. JACKSON, Business-manager 29-tf

OPERA-HOUSE,
NORFOLK, VA.
For open dates and terms address
18-26t* J. T. REDMOND, Agent.

THE LINGARDS
AND COMPANY,
GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, CINCINNATI,
OCT. 15, ONE WEEK. 26-13t

THE HANLON BROTHERS
NOW PERFORMING AT
WALHALLA THEATRE,
BERLIN,
take this opportunity of informing Managers and Friends that their former Pupils, designating themselves "The Hanlon Midgets" and "Hanlon-Volta Troupe," have no right to use the name of Hanlon, their real names being John Charles Ryan, William O'Mara, and Patrick Carmody.
GEORGE HANLON, Manager Hanlon-Lee's Troupe.
20-26t*

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE,
HARRISBURG, PA.,
ALTERED AND IMPROVED. TWO WIDE STAIRWAYS. For terms etc., address H. J. STEEL, Manager. 18-13t*

A CHANCE---SHOWMEN
A $3,000 SHOW FOR $1,800
A Diorama—30 scenes, moving figures, ships, etc., by the inventor of LARUE'S PANOPTICON OF THE WAR. Address L. DUFLOC, Scenic Artist,
29-4t* 303 West Seventeenth street, New York.

MUSIC HALL
(NEW)
LEWISTON, MAINE,
will be completed about Dec. 15, 1877. One of the finest halls in New England, handsomely decorated, heated with steam, ample exits, elevated floors, 1,300 folding opera chairs, the only safe and comfortable hall in the city, stage 57 feet deep, fitted with traps, artistic scenery, elegant drop curtain, and all modern requirements; population 30,000. Can be rented for operatic and dramatic performances, lectures, concerts, &c. Address
29-13t W. M. CHAMBERLIN.

NOTICE TO MANAGERS.
ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
OMAHA, NEB.,
CLOSED FOR REPAIRS
until Oct. 20, when it will open under new management. For the Academy of Music, Omaha, or Snow's Academy, Council Bluffs, Iowa, address I. N. SNOW,
29-2t Manager, Omaha.

BANCROFT HOUSE,
NEW BEDFORD, MASS.,
ONLY ONE BLOCK FROM HALL AND POST-OFFICE ENLARGED TO DOUBLE ITS FORMER CAPACITY.
Has all modern improvements, including New Office, Billiard-hall, Dining-rooms, Barber-shop, Bath-rooms, and fifty neatly-furnished sleeping-rooms, well ventilated and lighted with gas; offers superior inducements to companies visiting New England.
Have entertained nine-tenths of the troupes who have been here the past year, to whom I take the liberty to refer.
F. C. BANCROFT, Proprietor.
BEST SHOW TOWN IN NEW ENGLAND. 29-3t*

MOBILE THEATRE.
ONLY THEATRE
MOBILE, ALA.
FRESHLY PAINTED, CARPETED AND FITTED.
A FEW GOOD DATES
open in NOVEMBER AND JANUARY; also one or two each in DECEMBER, FEBRUARY and MARCH.
First-class Attractions Only.
Address (P. O. Box 896)
29-5t T. C. DE LEON, Lessee.

PORTRAITS POSTERS
MARK ROYLANCE
DESIGNER AND
WOOD ENGRAVER
CLIPPER BUILDING
88 CENTRE STREET, 90
SCENES N Y CHARACTERS

ACADEMY OF MUSIC
PORTLAND, ME.
This popular place of entert